

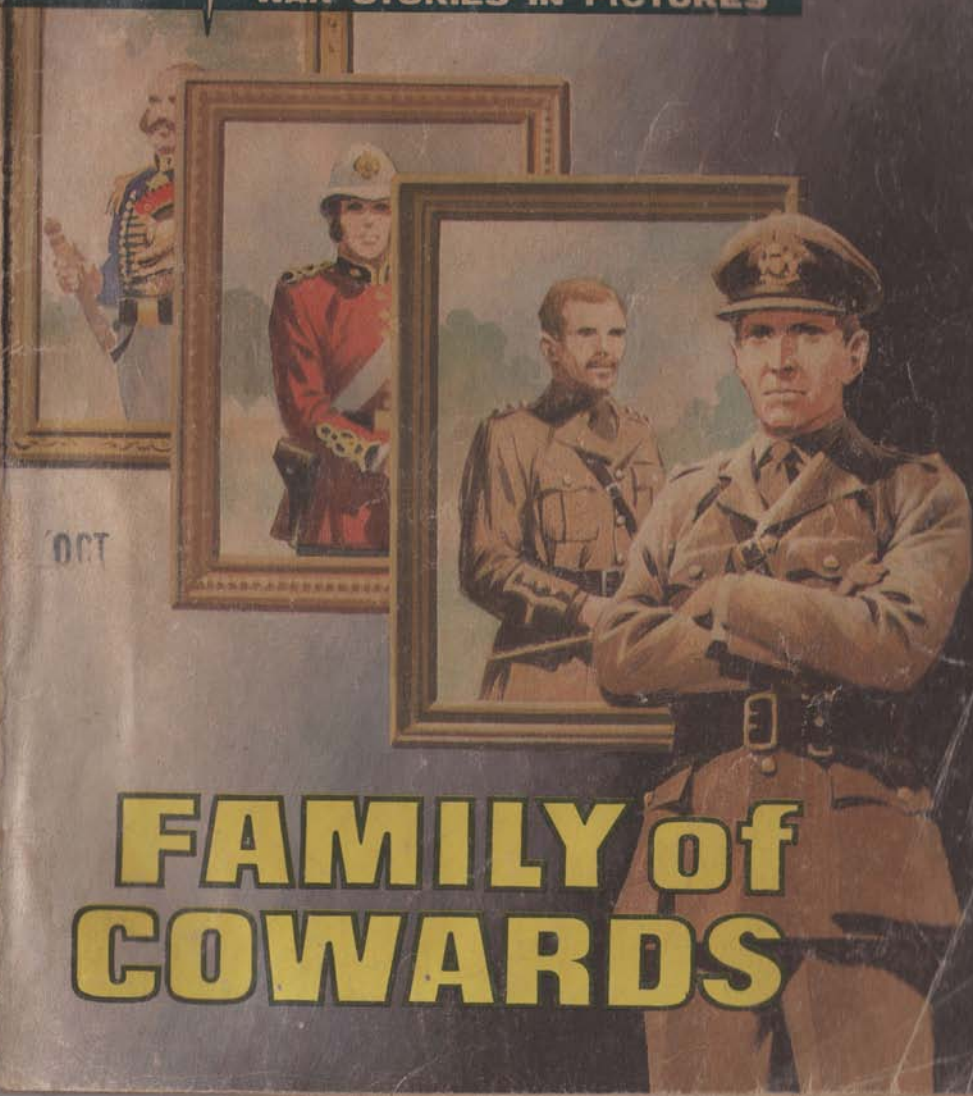
No. 1317

10p

AUS. N.Z. 40c

Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES



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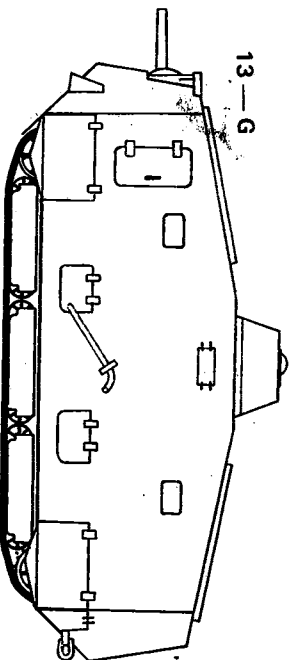
FAMILY of COWARDS

TRACKS AND WHEELS

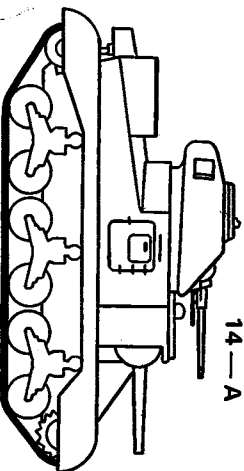
QUIZ No 3

HERE'S another great quiz for you. Forty-eight vehicles to be identified, in eight lots of six. They are all drawn exactly to scale, and each one is given a code-letter to help you. If there are any you can't name, turn to Page 65.

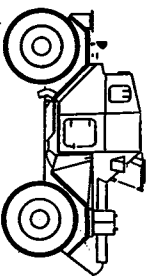
CODE:
A=American
B=British
F=French
G=German
I=Italian
J=Japanese
R=Russian



13—G



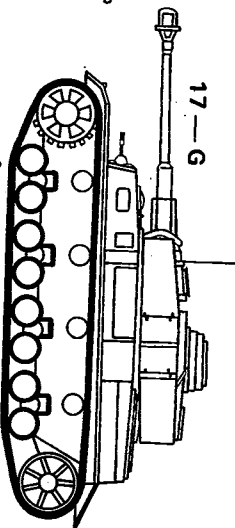
14—A



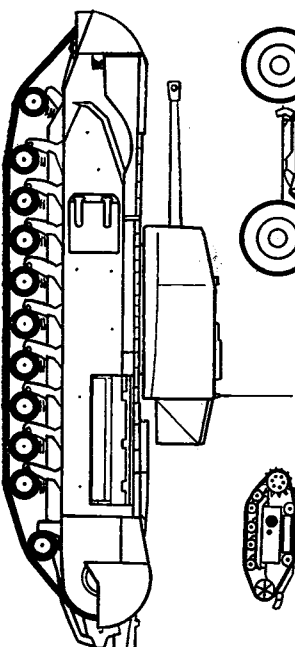
15—B



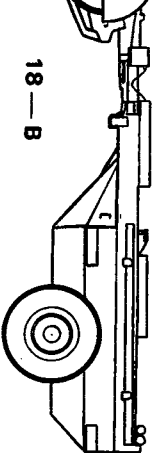
16—G



17—G



18—B



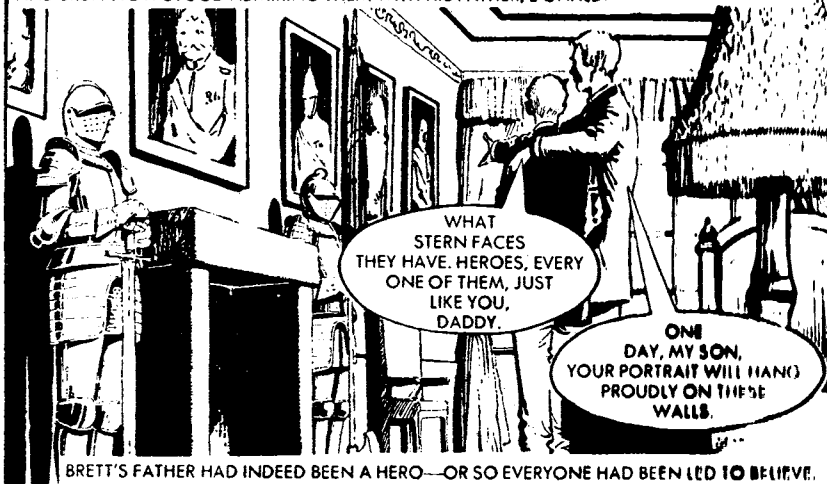
FAMILY OF COWARDS



THE BARKHORNE FAMILY HAD A PROUD MILITARY TRADITION WHICH STRETCHED FROM THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO TO THE TRENCH WARFARE OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. THEY HAD PRODUCED MEN HAILED AS HEROES—EXAMPLES TO ALL. BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER SIDE TO THE FAMILY WHICH THE WORLD NEVER KNEW... THE FACT THAT THE BARKHORNES WERE FRAUDS—HEROES WITHOUT HONOUR!



IT WAS NOW 1935 AND THE PROSPECT OF WAR SEEMED FAR OFF. BUT FOR AS LONG AS HE COULD REMEMBER, SIXTEEN YEAR OLD BRETT BARKHORNE HAD BEEN A REGULAR VISITOR TO THE LARGE ROOM IN THE FAMILY MANSION KNOWN AS THE "HALL OF HONOUR". ITS WALLS WERE LINED WITH MILITARY TROPHIES AND PORTRAITS OF THE BARKHORNE "HEROES" AND BRETT NOW STOOD ADMIRING THEM WITH HIS FATHER, DONALD.



DONALD BARKHORNE HAD HIS FIRST TASTE OF ACTION AS A LIEUTENANT IN THE SHELL-TORN BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE, DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR. COMMANDING A PLATOON OF MEN, HE HAD BEEN ORDERED TO SUPPORT A MAJOR BRITISH ATTACK, BUT SO FAR HE HAD FAILED TO CARRY OUT THAT ORDER.



UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT, THE GERMANS CHOSE THAT MOMENT TO LAUNCH A FIERCE ATTACK ON THE BRITISH RIGHT FLANK WHICH HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEFENDING.



THERE WAS LITTLE MORE DONALD COULD DO. HE LAY QUIVERING WITH FEAR AS HIS MEN LEASHED A HAIL OF DEADLY FIRE INTO THE RANKS OF ADVANCING GERMANS.

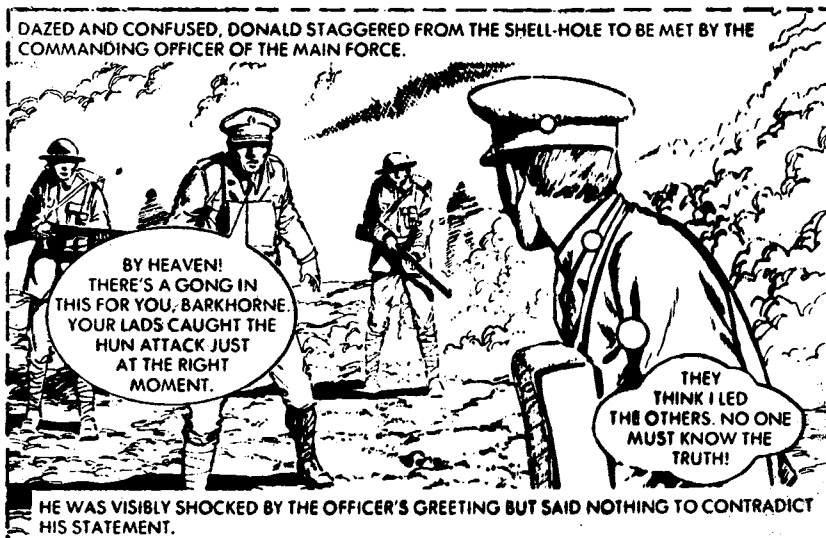


JUST AS THEIR POSITION WAS ABOUT TO BE TAKEN, HOWEVER, THE BRITISH ARTILLERY OPENED UP, SCATTERING THE CONFUSED GERMAN TROOPS. DONALD BARKHORNE GASPED IN HORROR AS HE GOT TO HIS FEET—



HIS MEN LAY AROUND HIM—EVERY ONE DEAD. THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

DAZED AND CONFUSED, DONALD STAGGERED FROM THE SHELL-HOLE TO BE MET BY THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE MAIN FORCE.



HE WAS VISIBLY SHOCKED BY THE OFFICER'S GREETING BUT SAID NOTHING TO CONTRADICT HIS STATEMENT.

DONALD BARKHORNE KEPT HIS SECRET, AND AS A RESULT OF HIS "MERITORIOUS CONDUCT" HE RECEIVED ONE OF THE HIGHEST DECORATIONS HIS COUNTRY COULD AWARD HIM.

SPLendid
SHOW! YOUR
ACTION WAS AN
INSPIRATION.

IF ONLY THEY HAD REALISED THE TRUTH

DONALD NOW FELT THE PANGS OF GUILT RISE IN HIM AS HE LOOKED AT THE PORTRAITS WITH BRETT

SOMETIMES
FEEL AS IF THEY
KNOW...

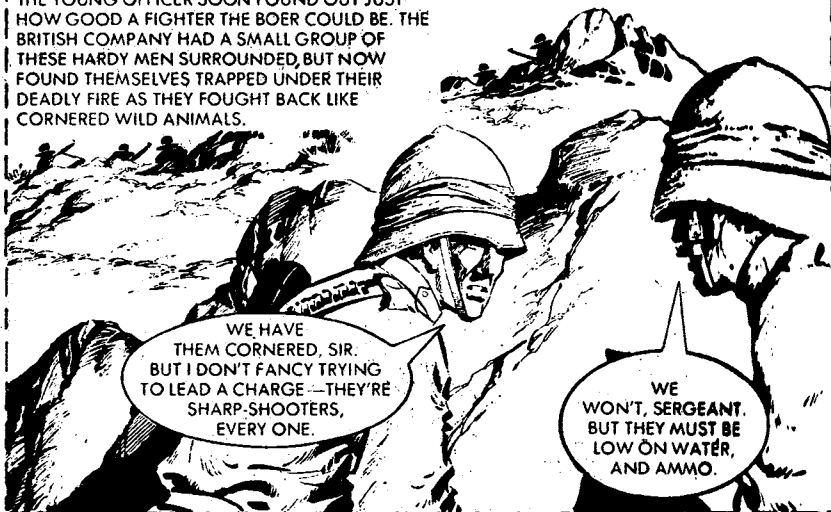
BUT HE WAS NOT THE ONLY BARKHORNE WITH A SECRET--THERE WAS MORE TO THE STERN FACE WHICH NOW STARED DOWN AT THEM THAN AT FIRST APPEARED.

THE PORTRAIT WAS THAT OF RUPERT BARKHORNE, WHO HAD LIVED IN THE TIMES OF THE BOER WARS. IT WAS DURING THESE SAVAGE CLASHES THAT RUPERT HAD SERVED HIS COUNTRY AS THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF A COMPANY OF MEN.

CAN'T
WAIT TO HAVE
A GO AT THESE BOER
CHAPPIES,
NIGEL.

THEY
SAY THAT
THEY'RE FIGHTERS, RUPERT.
WE WON'T CRUSH
THEM EASILY.

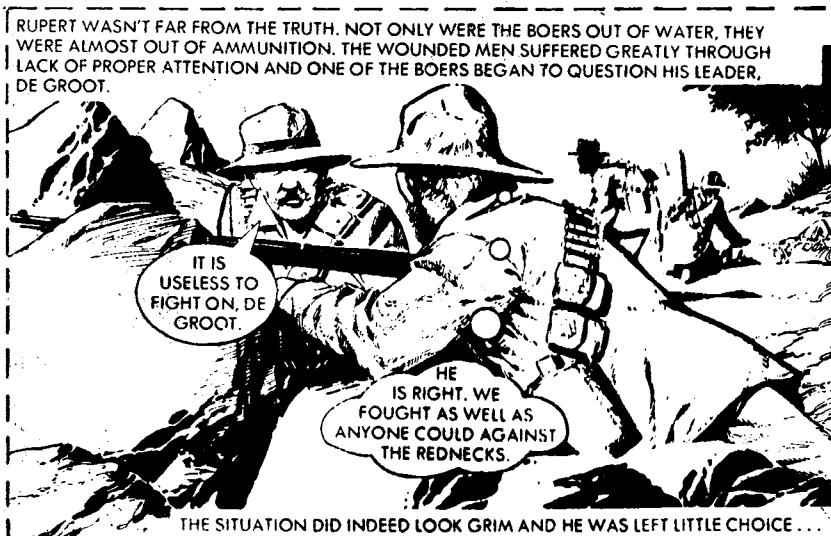
THE YOUNG OFFICER SOON FOUND OUT JUST HOW GOOD A FIGHTER THE BOER COULD BE. THE BRITISH COMPANY HAD A SMALL GROUP OF THESE HARDY MEN SURROUNDED, BUT NOW FOUND THEMSELVES TRAPPED UNDER THEIR DEADLY FIRE AS THEY FOUGHT BACK LIKE CORNERED WILD ANIMALS.



WE HAVE THEM CORNERED, SIR, BUT I DON'T FANCY TRYING TO LEAD A CHARGE — THEY'RE SHARP SHOOTERS, EVERY ONE.

WE WON'T, SERGEANT, BUT THEY MUST BE LOW ON WATER, AND AMMO.

RUPERT WASN'T FAR FROM THE TRUTH. NOT ONLY WERE THE BOERS OUT OF WATER, THEY WERE ALMOST OUT OF AMMUNITION. THE WOUNDED MEN SUFFERED GREATLY THROUGH LACK OF PROPER ATTENTION AND ONE OF THE BOERS BEGAN TO QUESTION HIS LEADER, DE GROOT.



IT IS USELESS TO FIGHT ON, DE GROOT.

HE IS RIGHT. WE FOUGHT AS WELL AS ANYONE COULD AGAINST THE REDNECKS.

THE SITUATION DID INDEED LOOK GRIM AND HE WAS LEFT LITTLE CHOICE . . .

... BUT TO SURRENDER, WHICH HE DID BY COMING IN UNDER A WHITE FLAG TO PARLEY WITH THE BRITISH OFFICER IN HIS TENT. RUPERT WAS FAR FROM IMPRESSED BY THE BOER'S MOVE AND HE SCOFFED IN AN ARROGANT MANNER WHICH INFURIATED DE GROOT.

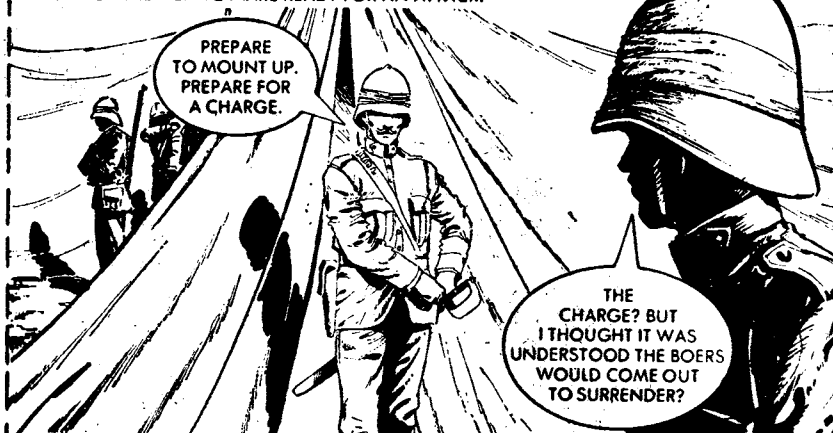


SO!
YOU AND YOUR
PEASANTS HAVE COME TO
YOUR SENSES? WHY COME
CRAWLING TO ME
FOR MERCY?

IF
IT WERE NOT
FOR THE OTHERS, I
WOULD RING THE NECK
OF THIS
PUPPY.

RUPERT ACCEPTED THE SURRENDER AND IT WAS AGREED THAT DE GROOT WAS TO RETURN AND LEAD HIS MEN OUT INTO THE OPEN.

SHORTLY AFTER THE BOER LEFT, RUPERT GAVE HIS SERGEANT AN ORDER FOR THE MEN TO MAKE READY FOR AN ATTACK.

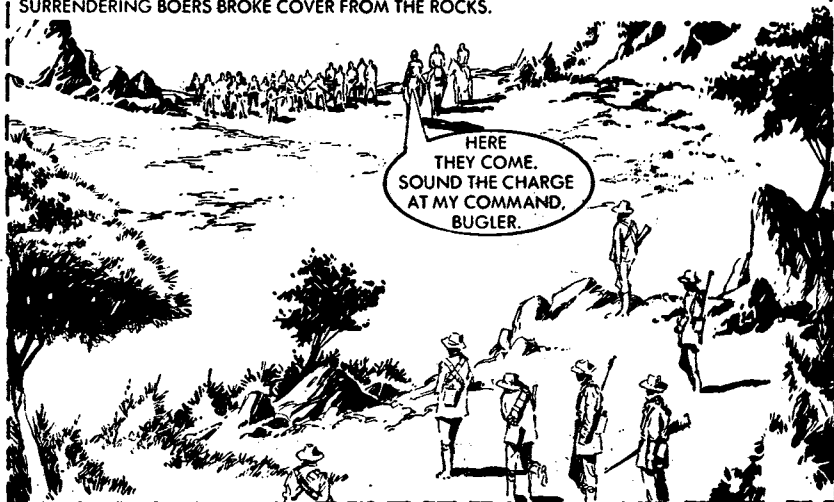


PREPARE
TO MOUNT UP.
PREPARE FOR
A CHARGE.

THE
CHARGE? BUT
I THOUGHT IT WAS
UNDERSTOOD THE BOERS
WOULD COME OUT
TO SURRENDER?

IGNORING THE PUZZLED SERGEANT'S QUESTION, THE OFFICER WALKED OVER TO WHERE HIS HORSE WAS TETHERED.

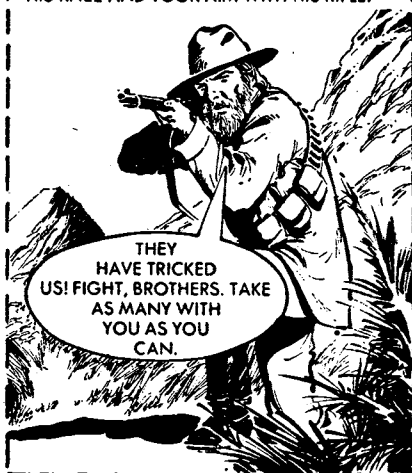
LEADING HIS MEN OVER THE CREST OF THE HILL, RUPERT SPOKE TO HIS BUGLER AS THE SURRENDERING BOERS BROKE COVER FROM THE ROCKS.



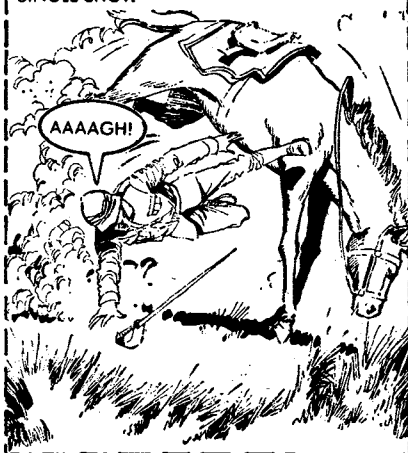
AS THE BATTLE-WEARY BOERS APPROACHED, IN THE MISTAKEN BELIEF THEY HAD NOTHING TO FEAR, RUPERT GAVE THE ORDER AND HIS COMPANY CHARGED FORWARD.



CURSING THE BRITISH OFFICER WHO HAD DECEIVED HIM, DE GROOT DROPPED ON TO HIS KNEE AND TOOK AIM WITH HIS RIFLE.



DE GROOT HAD ONE SATISFACTION BEFORE THE FIRST RIDERS WERE UPON HIM—RUPERT CRASHED TO THE GROUND FROM THE BOER'S SINGLE SHOT.



THE BATTLE WAS OVER IN MINUTES. THE BOERS WERE WIPED OUT TO A MAN AND RUPERT, WHO HAD ONLY BEEN INJURED IN THE FALL FROM HIS HORSE, WAS SOON BEING TENDED BY MEMBERS OF A SUPPORTING COMPANY WHO ARRIVED SOON AFTER.

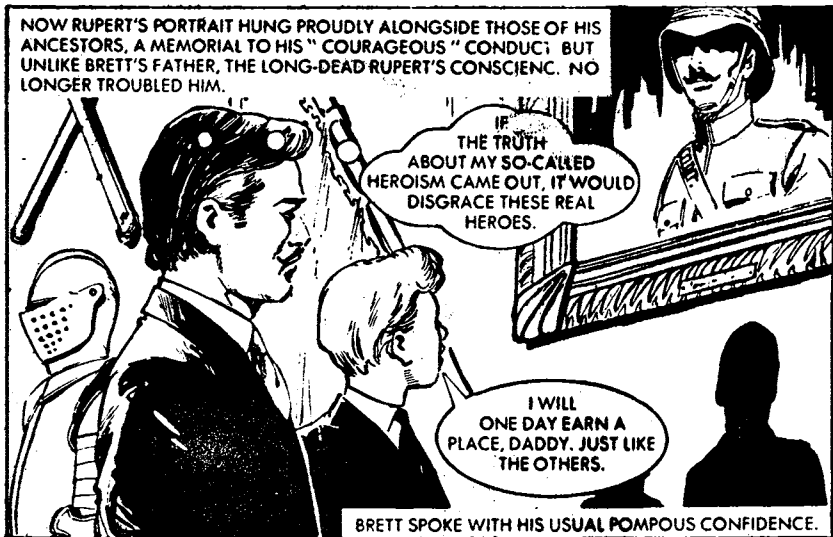


FORTUNATELY FOR RUPERT, THE ONLY TWO WITNESSES TO HIS MEETING WITH DE GROOT HAD BEEN KILLED IN ACTION...

... AND AS A RESULT, YET ANOTHER BARKHORNE FOUND HONOURS THRUST UPON HIM, THE TRUTH BEHIND THE BATTLE NEVER BEING REVEALED.



NOW RUPERT'S PORTRAIT HUNG PROUDLY ALONGSIDE THOSE OF HIS ANCESTORS, A MEMORIAL TO HIS "COURAGEOUS" CONDUCT! BUT UNLIKE BRETT'S FATHER, THE LONG-DEAD RUPERT'S CONSCIENC. NO LONGER TROUBLED HIM.



AND AFTER HIS FATHER HAD LEFT AND BRETT STOOD BY A WINDOW, HE SAW A FAMILIAR FIGURE SLIP OVER THE GARDEN WALL. TED BROOKS WAS AN OLD ENEMY - THE ONE VILLAGE BOY WHO HAD STOOD UP AND DEFIED BRETT AND HIS BULLYING WAYS WHEN BOTH HAD BEEN YOUNGER.



YOUNG TED BROOKS, A GROOM AT THE BARKHORNE STABLES, HAD A PURPOSE TO HIS VISIT. ONE OF THE ESTATE'S GAMEKEEPERS, SAM MOWBRAY, HAD TAKEN ILL AND BECAUSE HE COULDN'T WORK DONALD BARKHORNE HAD REFUSED TO PAY THE OLD MAN, WHO NOW HAD TO GO WITHOUT FOOD.

ANY SPARE MORSELS OF FOOD WHICH TED COULD ACQUIRE FROM THE KITCHENS WERE GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED WHEN THE YOUNG GROOM MADE ONE OF HIS FREQUENT VISITS TO THE GAMEKEEPER'S COTTAGE.



HURRYING OUTSIDE, TED WAS CONFRONTED BY A SMUG-LOOKING BRETT AS HE LEFT SAM'S COTTAGE. AFTER WATCHING TED FROM A WINDOW, THE YOUNG BARKHORNE HAD FOLLOWED HIM TO WHERE THEY NOW STOOD.

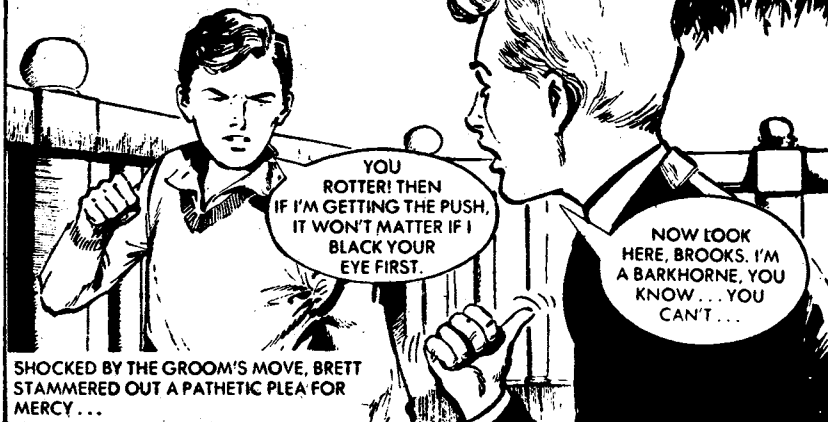


APPEALING TO BRETT, TED EXPLAINED OLD SAM'S SITUATION AND WHY HE HAD TAKEN THE FOOD, BUT HE WAS MET WITH THE SAME COLD STARE OF SCORN.



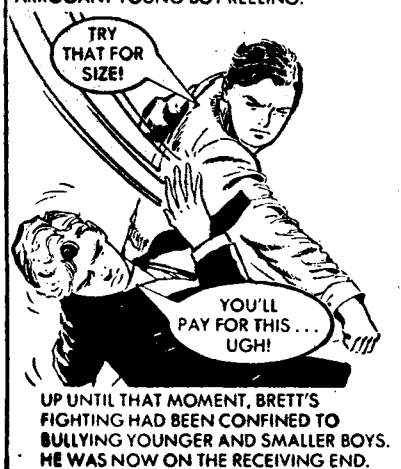
12

BRETT'S CROWING JIBES STUNG THE NORMALLY GOOD-NATURED TED AND HE DREW HIS FIST BACK WITH AN ANGRY LOOK ON HIS FACE.

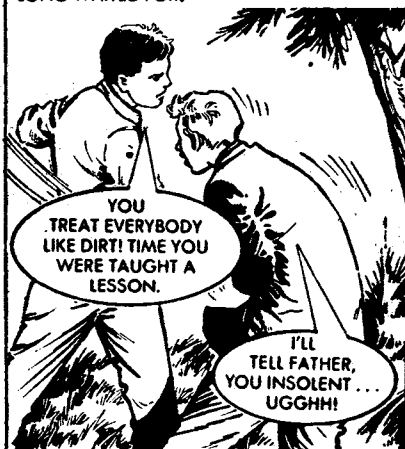


SHOCKED BY THE GROOM'S MOVE, BRETT STAMMERED OUT A PATHETIC PLEA FOR MERCY...

... BUT IT WAS TOO LATE AS TED SWUNG AN ACCURATE PUNCH SENDING THE ARROGANT YOUNG BOY REELING.



TED FELT A STRANGE KIND OF SATISFACTION AS HE RAINED BLOW UPON BLOW DOWN UPON BRETT—THIS WAS A MOMENT HE HAD LONG WAITED FOR.



FINALLY BRETT ADMITTED HE HAD HAD ENOUGH. GASPING FOR BREATH, HE PROMISED HE WOULD SAY NOTHING OF THE FIGHT OR TED'S "STEALING" TO HIS FATHER.

YOU WIN, BROOKS. YOU HAVE MY WORD. I'LL FORGET WHAT I SAW.

OK, IF I HAVE YOUR WORD ON IT. EVEN YOU SHOULD HOLD TO THAT.

AS BRETT PAINFULLY BEGAN TO GET UP, TED WALKED OFF ONCE MORE, SURE THAT SAM MOWBRAY WAS NOW IN NO DANGER OF LOSING HIS JOB.

I WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED WITH THAT IDIOT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR SAM. I'M GOING TO GIVE UP THE JOB ANYWAY.

I'LL GET BROOKS FOR THIS...

BUT SAM'S POSITION WAS STILL FAR FROM SAFE, HOWEVER. FOR, WITHOUT REALISING IT, BRETT WAS ABOUT TO ACT IN A TRUE FAMILY TRADITION BY BREAKING HIS WORD.

WHY SHOULD I KEEP MY WORD? ONE DOES NOT KEEP A PROMISE MADE TO AN INFERIOR. I SHALL TELL FATHER ABOUT BROOKS AND THE OLD FOOL!

HURRYING TOWARDS THE HOUSE ONCE MORE, BRETT FOUND HIS FATHER IN THE STUDY. AND, AFTER TELLING HIM THE WHOLE STORY, BOTH BARKHORNE MADE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE STABLES WHERE THEY MET A PUZZLED LOOKING TED BROOK.



WITH NO HESITATION IN THE SLIGHTEST, DONALD SENT THE YOUNG GROOM PACKING. TED REFLECTED SADLY ON HIS GAMEKEEPER FRIEND'S SITUATION AS HE WALKED AWAY FROM THE BARKHORNE GROUNDS.



TED'S GLUM THOUGHTS WERE ABRUPTLY SHATTERED AS HE CAME INTO A CLEARING IN THE WOOD. THE SIGHT HE SAW THERE BROUGHT A GASP TO HIS LIPS. THE BARKHORNE'S NEIGHBOURING LANDOWNER, SQUIRE BELL, WAS OBVIOUSLY HAVING QUITE A BIT OF TROUBLE FIGHTING OFF TWO THIEVES WHO WERE AFTER HIS MONEY.



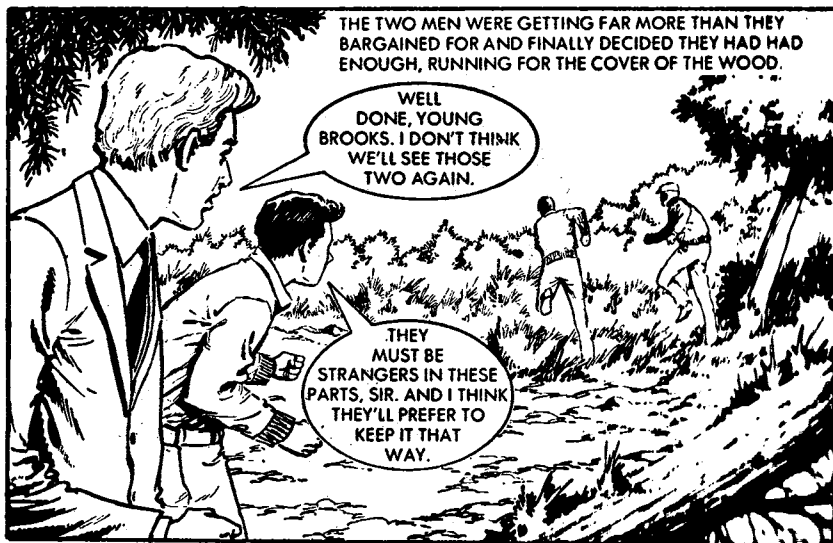
DASHING OVER TO THE SQUIRE'S AID, TED LAUNCHED HIMSELF AT THE TWO THUGS WHO WERE TAKEN BY SURPRISE. THE YOUNG BOY LANDED A PERFECT PUNCH ON ONE OF THE MEN'S JAW, SENDING HIM STAGGERING BACKWARDS AS THE SQUIRE FOUGHT OFF THE OTHER WITH A STOUT STICK.



TED'S INTERVENTION SWUNG THE SCALES IN THE FAVOUR OF BILLY AND VERY SOON THE TWO THIEVES WERE HAVING A VERY ROUGH TIME OF IT —



THE TWO MEN WERE GETTING FAR MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR AND FINALLY DECIDED THEY HAD HAD ENOUGH, RUNNING FOR THE COVER OF THE WOOD.



SQUIRE BELL WASN'T THE TYPE TO LET SUCH AN ACTION GO UNREWARDED. AND HE TREATED TED TO A SLAP-UP MEAL AT THE LOCAL INN. THE YOUNG BOY EXPLAINED HIS SITUATION WITH THE BARKHORNES AS HE ENJOYED THE FOOD.

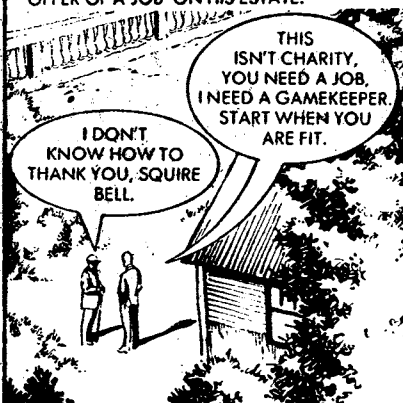


SO
YOU SEE,
SIR. OLD SAM WILL
BE OUT OF THE COTTAGE SOON.
YOU ASKED IF YOU
COULD REPAY MY HELP.
COULD YOU HELP
SAM?

BARK HORNE
IS A BAD 'UN,
DESPITE HIS MILITARY
ESTEEM.

THE SQUIRE'S FACE SHOWED NO SURPRISE AS THE LAD TOLD HIS STORY, HOWEVER. HE HAD LIVED NEAR THE BARKHORNES MANSION FOR MANY YEARS NOW AND KNEW THE FAMILY OF OLD. HE PROMISED THAT HE WOULD DO ALL HE COULD FOR SAM.

SQUIRE BELL WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD AND THE NEXT DAY OLD SAM GOT THE OFFER OF A JOB ON HIS ESTATE.

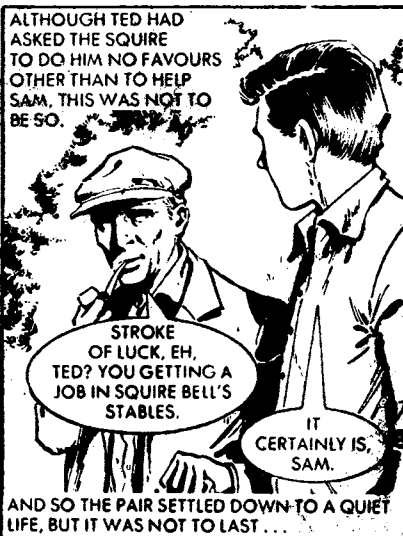


I DON'T
KNOW HOW TO
THANK YOU, SQUIRE
BELL.

THIS
ISN'T CHARITY.
YOU NEED A JOB.
I NEED A GAMEKEEPER.
START WHEN YOU
ARE FIT.

THE GOOD NEWS WORKED WONDERS FOR THE OLD MAN'S HEALTH AND HE STARTED HIS NEW JOB WITHIN THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH TED HAD ASKED THE SQUIRE TO DO HIM NO FAVOURS OTHER THAN TO HELP SAM, THIS WAS NOT TO BE SO.



STROKE
OF LUCK, EH,
TED? YOU GETTING A
JOB IN SQUIRE BELL'S
STABLES.

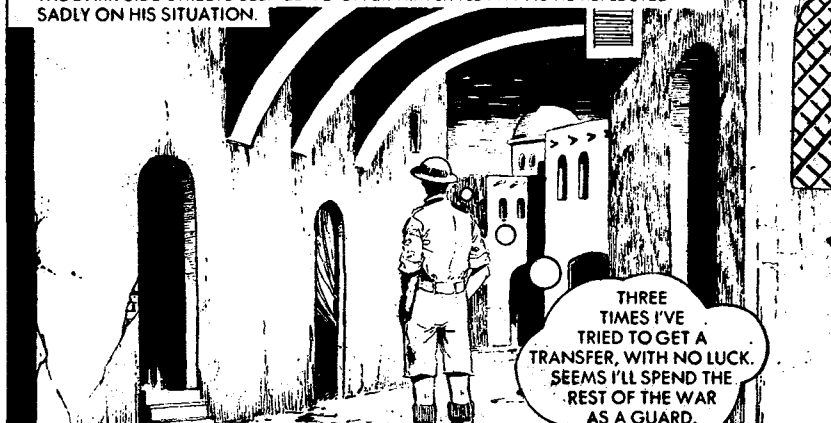
IT
CERTAINLY IS,
SAM.

AND SO THE PAIR SETTLED DOWN TO A QUIET LIFE, BUT IT WAS NOT TO LAST...

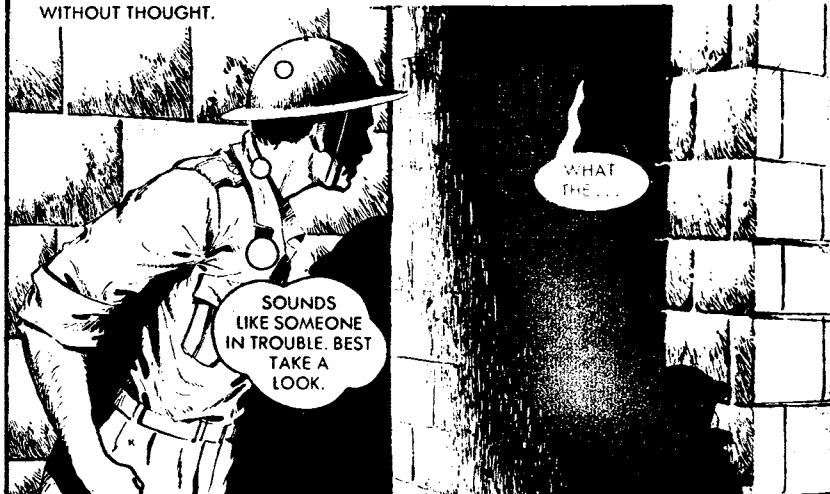
... FOR WHEN WAR BROKE OUT, TED WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO JOIN THE ARMY AS A PRIVATE. BUT HIS EXPECTATIONS OF ACTION SOON FADED, FOR ALTHOUGH HE WENT OVERSEAS WITH THE HADDONSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY, TED SEEMED TO DO LITTLE MORE THAN STAND FOR HOURS ON END IN THE BACK STREETS OF CAIRO, GUARDING SEEMINGLY UNIMPORTANT ARMY OFFICES.



TED FOUND LITTLE TO INTEREST HIM IN THE BARS AND CAFES IN THE CITY AND TOOK TO TAKING LONG BROODING WALKS ALONE TO COMBAT HIS BOREDOM. THE DARK SIDE STREETS SEEMED TO OFFER HIM LITTLE PITY AS HE REFLECTED SADLY ON HIS SITUATION.



IT WAS ON ONE OF THESE WALKS THAT THE YOUNG PRIVATE HEARD SOMEONE SHOUT OUT IN AN ENGLISH VOICE FROM A SHADY ALLEYWAY. HE RESPONDED ALMOST WITHOUT THOUGHT.



RUNNING DOWN THE ALLEY, TED QUICKLY TOOK IN THE SCENE WHICH CONFRONTED HIM AND LEAPT INTO ACTION—ALTHOUGH THE BRITISH OFFICER, WHO WAS BEING ATTACKED BY THREE ARAB THUGS, WAS FIGHTING BACK WELL, IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HE WELCOMED TED'S HELP.



TED'S INTERVENTION DREW THE ATTENTION OF ONE OF THE ARABS, WHICH GAVE THE OFFICER THE CHANCE HE NEEDED—THE TWO ENGLISHMEN WERE SLOWLY GAINING THE ADVANTAGE AND ONE OF THE ARABS SLIPPED AWAY AS HE REALISED THIS.

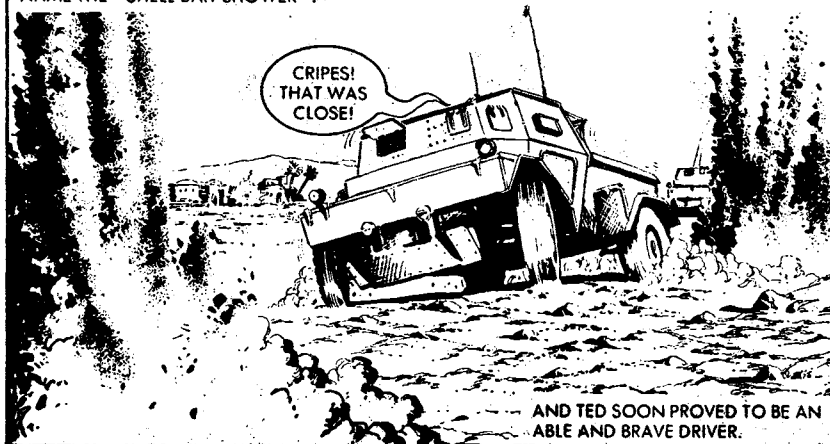


THIRSTY AFTER THEIR RATHER HOT WORK, THE OFFICER, WHO INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS CAPTAIN DICK SHELDON, TREATED TED TO A DRINK IN A NEARBY CAFE, AND THEY SOON GOT TALKING.



WISHING TO REPAY HIM FOR HIS HELP, SHELDON OFFERED TED A POSTING TO HIS OWN UNIT.

AND SO, TWO MONTHS LATER, TED WAS IN THE THICK OF IT. SHELDON COMMANDED A SMALL GROUP OF DINGO SCOUT-CARS WHICH ACTED AS A RECCE FORCE. THEIR MISSIONS OFTEN BROUGHT THEM EXTREMELY CLOSE TO ENEMY ARTILLERY, WHICH EARNED THEM THE NAME THE "SHELL-BAIT SHOWER".



SHELDON ENJOYED HIS DEMANDING WORK AND HE, LIKE HIS UNIT, WAS APTLY NAMED. "SHARP-END" SHELDON WAS A LEGEND AMONG DESERT FIGHTERS.

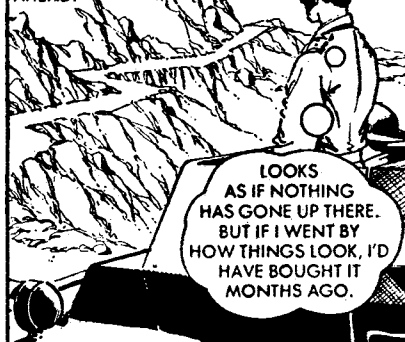


OLD
"SHARP-END"
MUST HAVE FRIENDS
IN PLACES WHERE IT
COUNTS. HE CERTAINLY GOT
ME INTO HIS LOT
SOON ENOUGH.

JERRY
IS GETTING
RESTLESS. I THINK THINGS
MIGHT HOT UP
SOON.

THE UNIT HAD THE RISKY JOB OF SNIFFING OUT THE ENEMY. ONLY QUICK THINKING AND A SIXTH SENSE FOR HIDDEN DANGER COULD SAVE THESE SMALL UNARMED CARS FROM ATTACK BY THE ENEMY.

SHELDON HAD TO USE ALL HIS SKILL OF JUDGEMENT AS HE SURVEYED THE LANDSCAPE AHEAD.



LOOKS
AS IF NOTHING
HAS GONE UP THERE.
BUT IF I WENT BY
HOW THINGS LOOK, I'D
HAVE BOUGHT IT
MONTHS AGO.

THE ROAD OVER THE ROCKY ESCARPMENT WHICH LAY AHEAD WAS UNKNOWN TERRITORY TO THE ADVANCING BRITISH INFANTRY AND SHELDON WAS GIVEN THE TASK OF MAKING A RECCE PATROL.

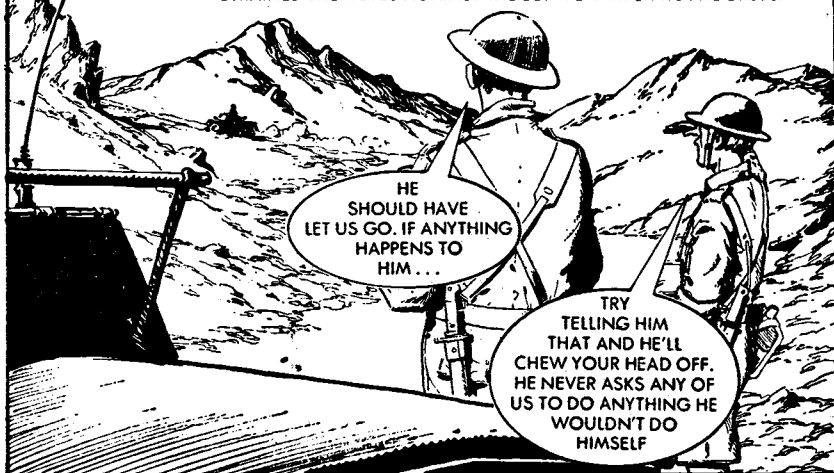
TELLING HIS DRIVER TO GO EXTRA SLOWLY, SHELDON BEGAN TO MOVE UP THE NARROW WINDING TRACK, LEAVING THE OTHER CARS BELOW.



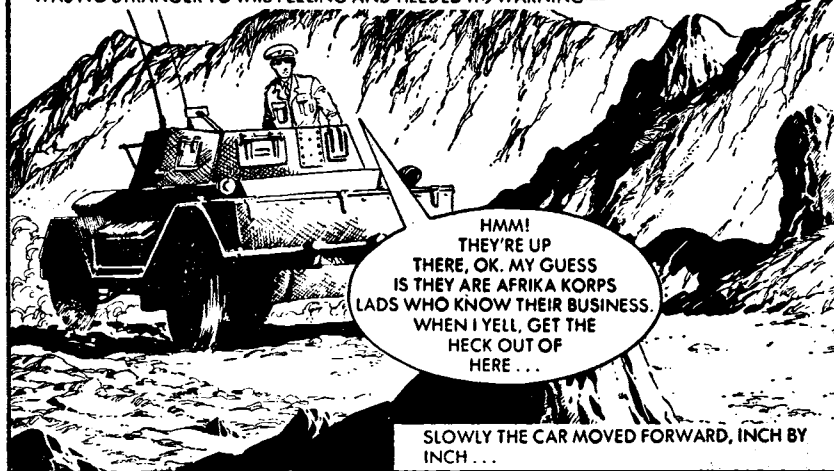
IT'S
TOO QUIET!
THEY COULD BE
ANYWHERE UP HERE,
AND THEY'RE NOT
NEW TO THIS
GAME.

THE CAPTAIN'S EYES DARTED FROM SIDE TO SIDE OF THE TRACK—HE KNEW THAT A SMALL GERMAN AMBUSHING FORCE COULD BE LURKING ROUND ANY CORNER.

AS THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER'S SCOUT-CAR MOVED FURTHER UP THE DUSTY TRACK, TED AND THE OTHER MEN ANXIOUSLY STRAINED THEIR EYES AGAINST THE SUN TO WATCH ITS PROGRESS.



THEN IT CAME—THE FAMILIAR TINGLE AT THE NAPE OF HIS NECK BORN OF SHEER EXPERIENCE, WHICH WOULD WARN HIM OF ANY DANGER WHICH LAY AHEAD. SHELDON WAS NO STRANGER TO THIS FEELING AND HEEDED ITS WARNING—



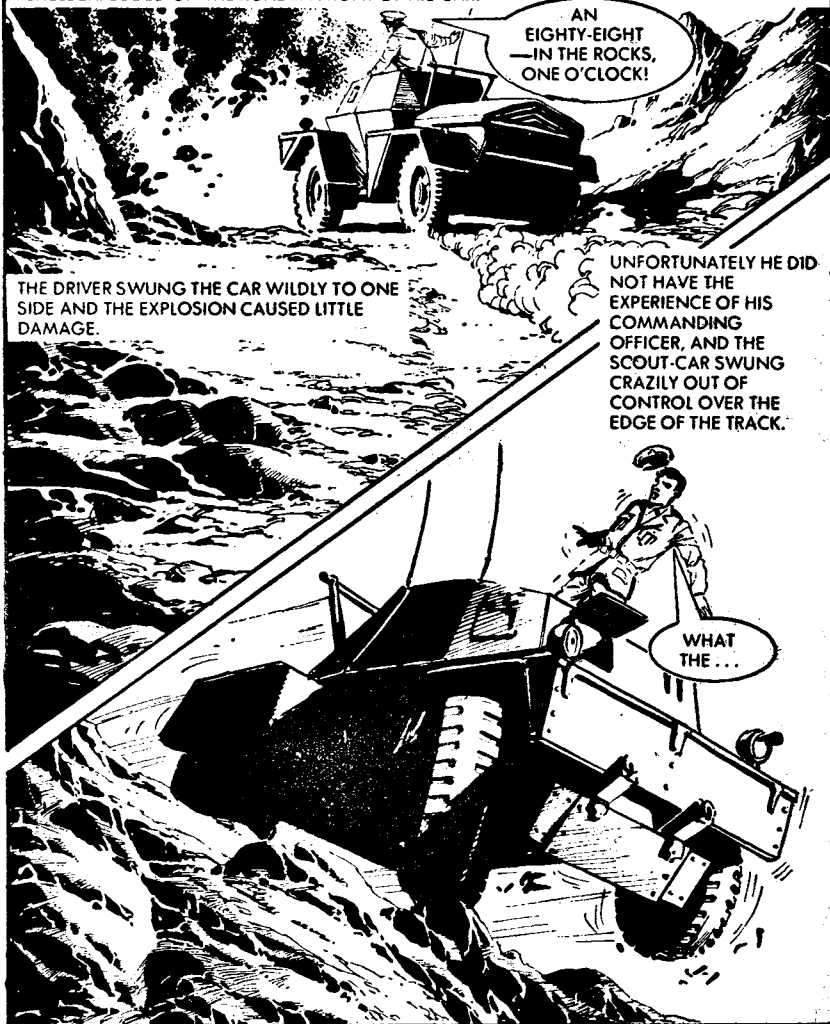
... UNTIL THE MOMENT SHELDON HAD BEEN WAITING FOR CAME. A SLIGHT MOVEMENT IN THE ROCKS GAVE HIM A SECOND OR TWO WARNING BEFORE A GERMAN ANTI-TANK SHELL EXPLODED ON THE ROAD IN FRONT OF HIS CAR.

AN
EIGHTY-EIGHT
—IN THE ROCKS,
ONE O'CLOCK!

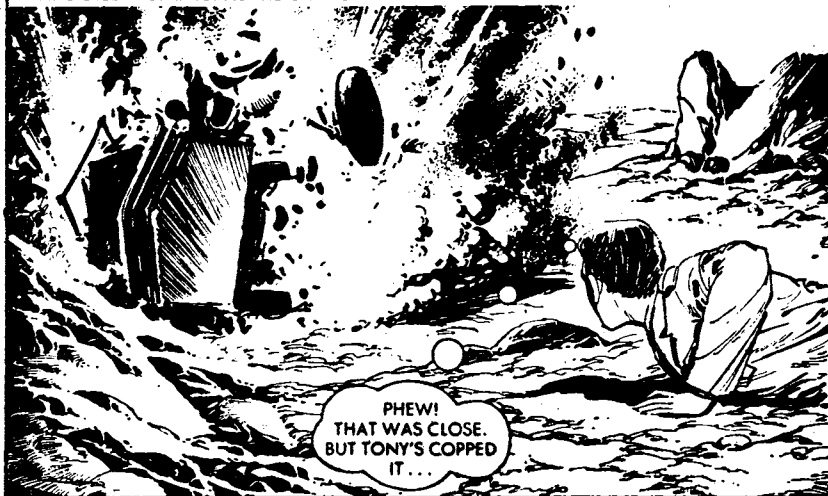
THE DRIVER SWUNG THE CAR WILDLY TO ONE SIDE AND THE EXPLOSION CAUSED LITTLE DAMAGE.

UNFORTUNATELY HE DID NOT HAVE THE EXPERIENCE OF HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, AND THE SCOUT-CAR SWUNG CRAZILY OUT OF CONTROL OVER THE EDGE OF THE TRACK.

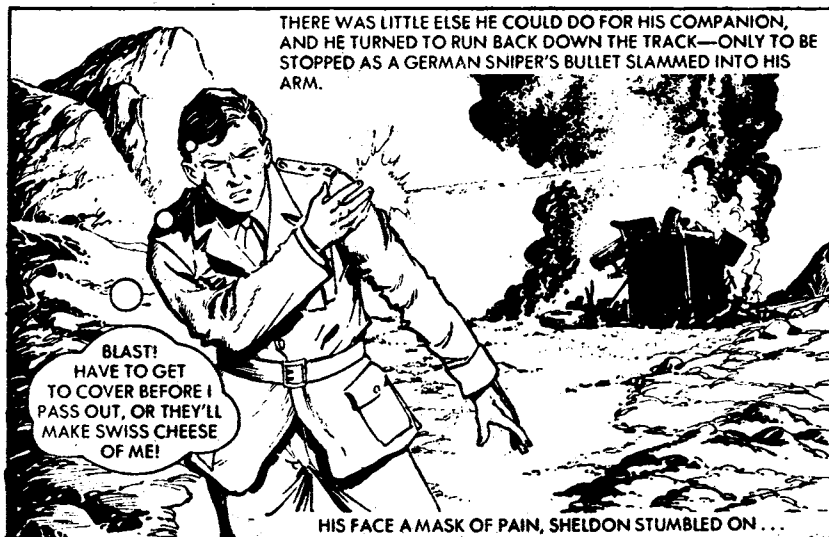
WHAT
THE ...



SHELDON WAS FLUNG CLEAR JUST IN TIME. HIS DRIVER WAS NOT SO LUCKY, HOWEVER, AND DIED INSTANTLY AS THE CAR ROLLED ON TO ITS SIDE AND BURST INTO FLAMES.



THERE WAS LITTLE ELSE HE COULD DO FOR HIS COMPANION, AND HE TURNED TO RUN BACK DOWN THE TRACK—ONLY TO BE STOPPED AS A GERMAN SNIPER'S BULLET SLAMMED INTO HIS ARM.

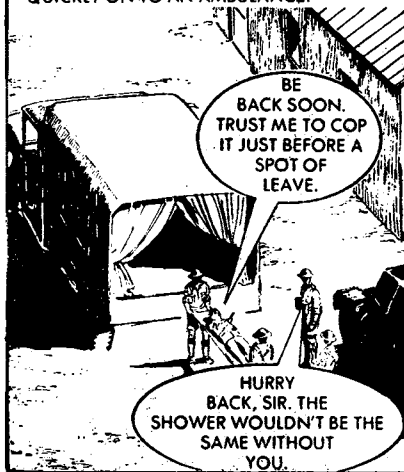


... BUT HE WAS NOT TO GET FAR. THE GERMAN GUNNERS WERE NOT FINISHED, AS YET ANOTHER SHELL EXPLODED, BLASTING SHELDON OFF HIS FEET AND DOWN ON TO THE STEEP BANK BELOW THE ROAD. BUT LUCKILY FOR THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN HIS MEN HAD WITNESSED THE ACTION FROM THE ROAD BELOW—

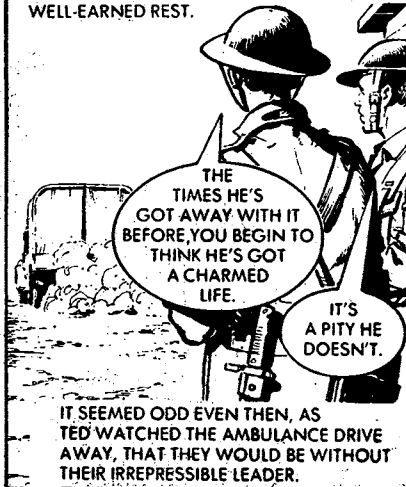


PICKING UP THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER, THE REMAINDER OF THE FORCE BEAT A HASTY RETREAT IN THEIR SCOUT CARS.

THEY MADE GOOD TIME BACK TO THE BASE CAMP WHERE SHELDON WAS LOADED QUICKLY ON TO AN AMBULANCE.



THE WOUND WAS NOT SERIOUS AND THE SHOWER WERE TO BE PULLED BACK FOR A WELL-EARNED REST.

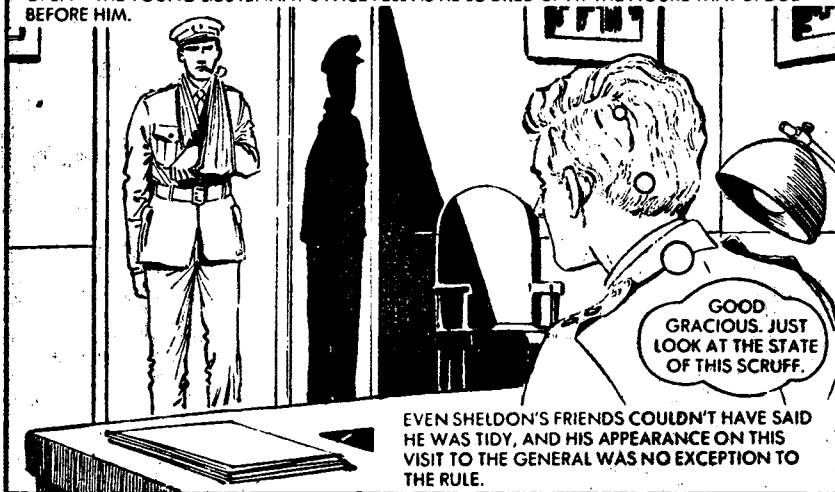


MEANWHILE, BRETT BARKHORNE HAD JOINED THE ARMY TOO, AS A LIEUTENANT, ALTHOUGH HIS POSTING WAS FAR FROM THE HEAT AND DANGER OF THE DESERT. HE WAS ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL PELL AT ALEXANDRIA, AS NEAR TO THE DESERT AS HE WISHED TO GO. THE YOUNG MAN NOW TIDIED UP THE WAITING-ROOM OUTSIDE THE GENERAL'S OFFICE.



BRETT'S UPRISING IN THE IMMACULATE FAMILY MANSION HAD BROUGHT HIM TO LOATHE ANYTHING THAT WAS UNORDERLY.

JUST AS BRETT SETTLED DOWN AT THE RÉCEPTION DESK ONCE MORE, THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN—THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT'S FACE FELL AS HE LOOKED UP AT THE FIGURE THAT STOOD BEFORE HIM.



EVEN SHELDON'S FRIENDS COULDN'T HAVE SAID HE WAS TIDY, AND HIS APPEARANCE ON THIS VISIT TO THE GENERAL WAS NO EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

PUFFING HEAVILY ON HIS PIPE, SHELTON SAT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE IRATE YOUNG MAN. BRETT FAILED IN TRYING TO HIDE HIS OBVIOUS DISLIKE FOR THE CAPTAIN AS HE ASKED HIM HIS BUSINESS.

CAN I HELP YOU, ER, SIR? THE GENERAL SEES ONLY BY APPOINTMENT.

IS THAT SO? WELL, JUST TROT IN AND TELL HIM CAPTAIN SHELTON WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM, IF HE CAN SPARE A MINUTE.

ISING TO HIS FEET, BRETT ADDRESSED THE OFFICER IN AN ALMOST CHALLENGING TONE.

UNLESS YOU HAVE MADE AN APPOINTMENT, YOU ARE WASTING YOUR TIME, SIR.

LOOK, ARE YOU GOING TO TELL HIM, OR WILL I?

AT THAT MOMENT THE GENERAL APPEARED, ANNOUNCING HIMSELF WITH A BULL-LIKE BELLOW AS HE BURST THROUGH FROM HIS OWN OFFICE.

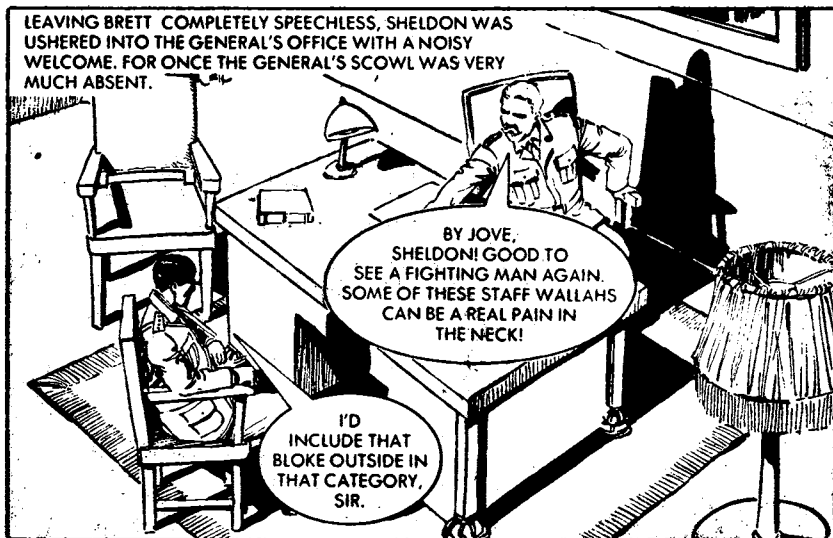
WHERE IS THE FOLDER ON WADI HALFA? CAN'T I PUT ANYTHING DOWN WITHOUT SOME IDIOT MOVING IT?

HASN'T CHANGED A BIT — STILL THE SAME OLD WARHORSE.

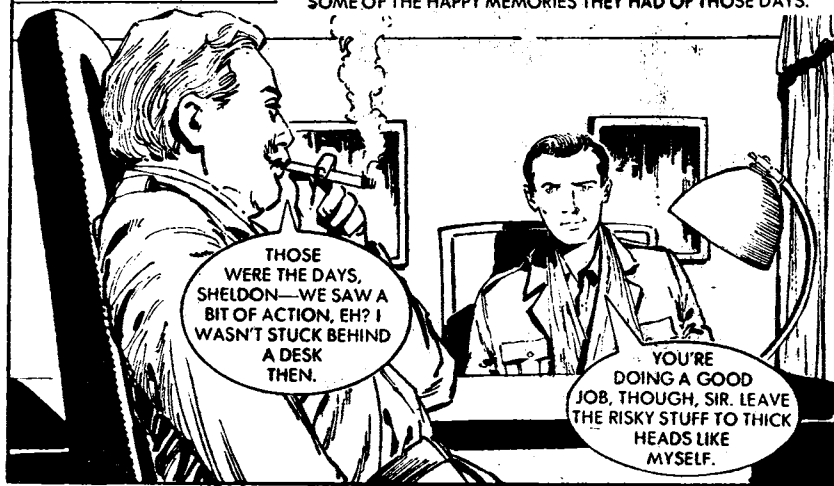
SUDDENLY THE GENERAL'S FACE LIT UP AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF SHELDON—IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT AN APPOINTMENT WAS NOT NECESSARY.



LEAVING BRETT COMPLETELY SPEECHLESS, SHELDON WAS USHERED INTO THE GENERAL'S OFFICE WITH A NOISY WELCOME. FOR ONCE THE GENERAL'S SCOWL WAS VERY MUCH ABSENT.

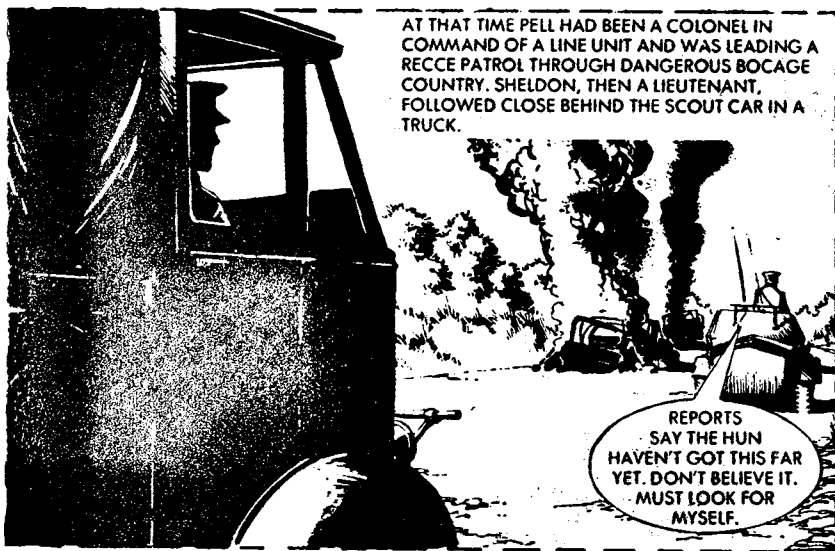


THIS WAS THE PAIR'S FIRST MEETING FOR QUITE A WHILE. THEY HAD SERVED TOGETHER AT DUNKIRK AND NOW RELIVED SOME OF THE HAPPY MEMORIES THEY HAD OF THOSE DAYS.



THOSE WERE THE DAYS, SHELDON—WE SAW A BIT OF ACTION, EH? I WASN'T STUCK BEHIND A DESK THEN.

YOU'RE DOING A GOOD JOB, THOUGH, SIR. LEAVE THE RISKY STUFF TO THICK HEADS LIKE MYSELF.



AT THAT TIME PELL HAD BEEN A COLONEL IN COMMAND OF A LINE UNIT AND WAS LEADING A RECCE PATROL THROUGH DANGEROUS BOGAGE COUNTRY. SHELDON, THEN A LIEUTENANT, FOLLOWED CLOSE BEHIND THE SCOUT CAR IN A TRUCK.

REPORTS SAY THE HUN HAVEN'T GOT THIS FAR YET. DON'T BELIEVE IT. MUST LOOK FOR MYSELF.

THAT GUESS SOON PROVED TO BE TRUE AS A SHELL BURST IN THE ROAD, THROWING THE SCOUT-CAR ON TO ITS SIDE.

WHAT
THE...

PELL WAS THROWN CLEAR, BUT HE WAS STILL NOT OUT OF DANGER AS THE MENACING SHAPE OF A GERMAN ARMoured CAR BORE DOWN ON HIM. SHELDON WATCHED FROM THE CAB OF THE LORRY—BUT HE WOULD HAVE TO ACT FAST.

COME
ON THEN, JERRY.
YOU WON'T TAKE
PELL SO
EASILY.

THE OLD IDIOT,
GOING OFF LIKE THAT.
DOESN'T HE KNOW THAT'S
WHAT I'M FOR.

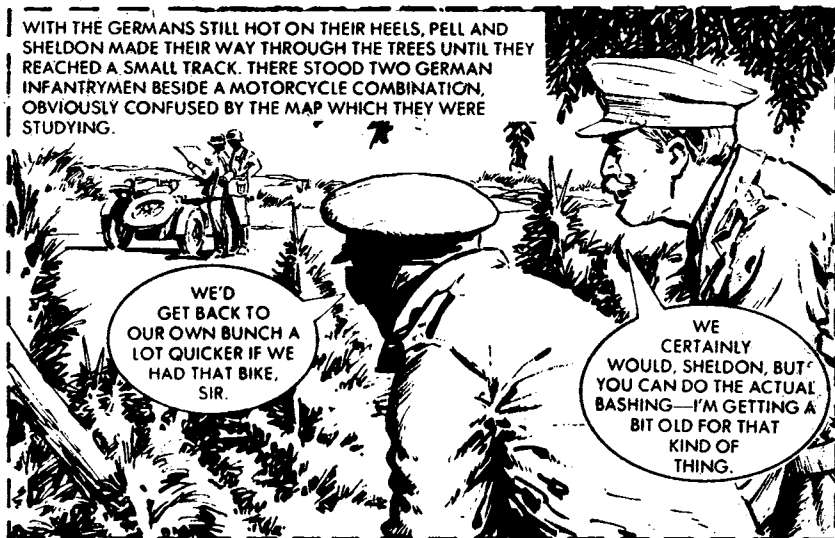
AS THE ARMoured CAR SPED FORWARD, SHELDON TOOK THE ONLY ACTION OPEN TO HIM AND STEERED THE TRUCK ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE GERMAN VEHICLE.



THE GERMAN CAR WAS NOT WITHOUT INFANTRY SUPPORT, HOWEVER, AND BULLETS WERE SOON WHIPPING AROUND THEIR FEET AS THE PAIR RAN FOR THE SAFETY OF A NEARBY WOOD.



WITH THE GERMANS STILL HOT ON THEIR HEELS, PELL AND SHELDON MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TREES UNTIL THEY REACHED A SMALL TRACK. THERE STOOD TWO GERMAN INFANTRYMEN BESIDE A MOTORCYCLE COMBINATION, OBVIOUSLY CONFUSED BY THE MAP WHICH THEY WERE STUDYING.

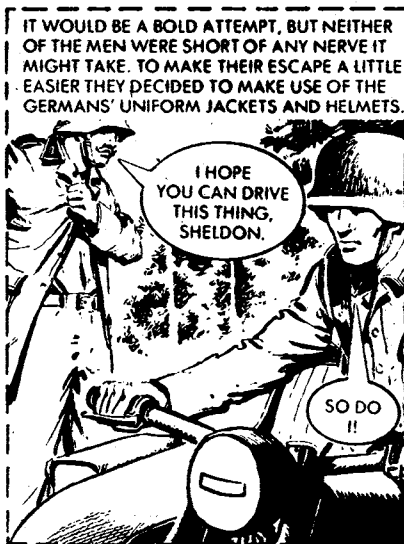
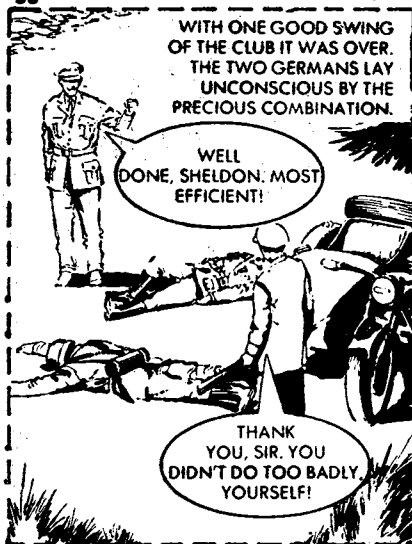


THE TWO MADE CAREFUL PLANS AND SOON PUT THEM INTO ACTION. GIVING SHELDON ENOUGH TIME TO CIRCLE ROUND THE MOTORCYCLE CREW, PELL STRODE BODILY OVER TOWARDS THE GERMANS WHO TURNED ROUND IN SURPRISE.

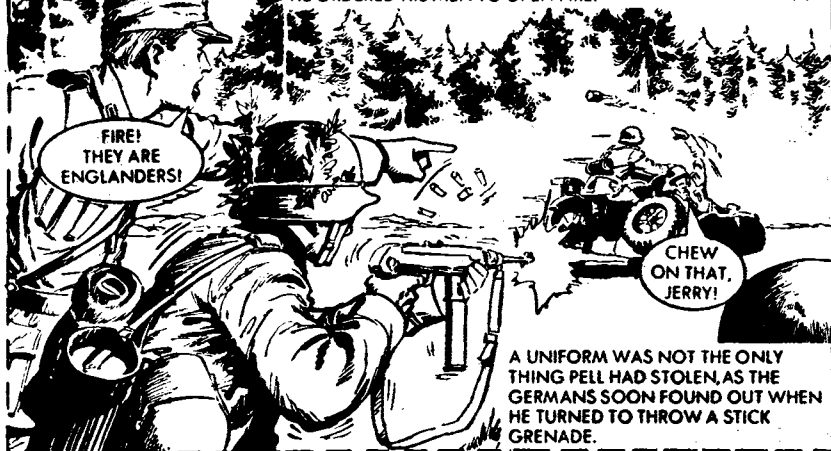


BRINGING THEIR SCHMEISSERS UP TO AIM AT THE MAD ENGLISHMAN, NEITHER OF THE GERMANS NOTICED SHELDON AS HE CREPT UP BEHIND THE PAIR, ARMED WITH A HEFTY STICK.





ONLY AFTER THE COMBINATION HAD PAST DID THE SERGEANT OF THE PATROL REALISE THAT ALL WAS NOT AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN—SPOTTING SHELDON'S BRITISH KHAKI TROUSERS, HE ORDERED HIS MEN TO OPEN FIRE.



THE GRENADE EXPLODED PERFECTLY, GIVING THE TWO FUGITIVES THE TIME THEY NEEDED TO GET CLEAR.



RELAXING BACK INTO HIS CHAIR, IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE GENERAL LONGED FOR THE DANGER AND EXCITEMENT OF THOSE DAYS.

AH,
THAT WAS A
JOLLY LITTLE
OUTING!

WELL,
YOU COULDN'T
EXACTLY CALL IT
A HOLIDAY,
SIR.

LEANING FORWARD, PELL SPOKE CLOSELY TO SHELDON, HIS VOICE TAKING ON A MORE SERIOUS TONE.

YOU
SAW THE
CHAP OUTSIDE THE
OFFICE, SHELDON? WHAT
DID YOU THINK
OF HIM?

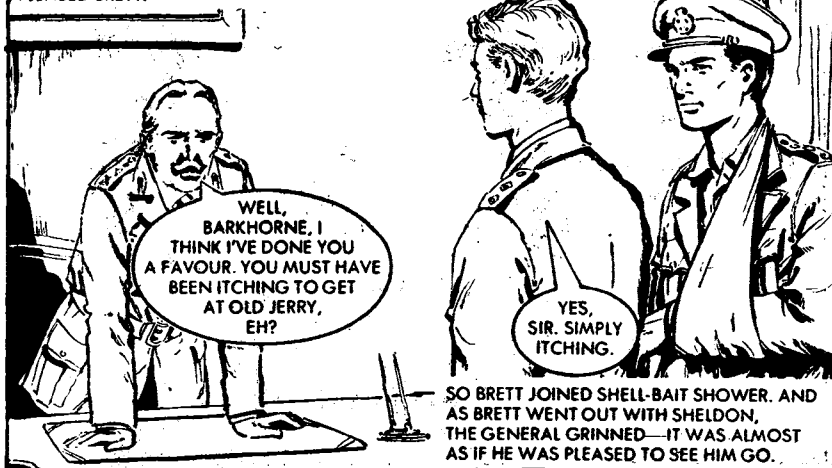
WELL,
NOT A LOT.
BIT TOFFEE-NOSED, I'D
SAY, NEEDS A BIT OF
ACTION TO BRING HIM
OUT, PERHAPS.

WHAT THE GENERAL PROPOSED NEXT SHOCKED SHELDON. HIS FIRST IMPRESSION OF BRETT HAD NOT BEEN A GOOD ONE AND THE IDEA OF BRETT BEING CONSTANTLY UNDER HIS FEET DIDN'T APPEAL TO HIM ONE BIT, ALTHOUGH HE COULD HARDLY REFUSE.

HIS
FATHER WANTS
HIM TO SEE ACTION.
THE FAMILY HAVE A PROUD
RECORD AND I'M SURE HE'LL
BE AN ASSET TO YOUR
UNIT.

I'LL
TAKE HIM
INTO MY MOB, SIR.
LET'S HOPE HE
FITS IN.

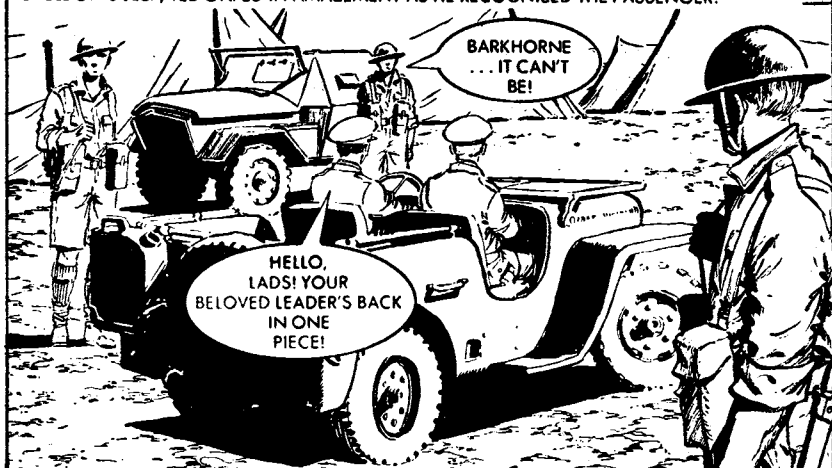
CALLING HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT INTO THE OFFICE, PELL BROKE THE NEWS TO A LESS-THAN-PLEASED BRETT.



BRETT HAD LITTLE CHOICE BUT TO LEAVE, MUCH TO HIS DISGUST. THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT'S FEELINGS WERE OBVIOUS AS THEY DROVE BACK ALONG THE DUSTY DESERT TRACK TOWARDS SHELDON'S CAMP.



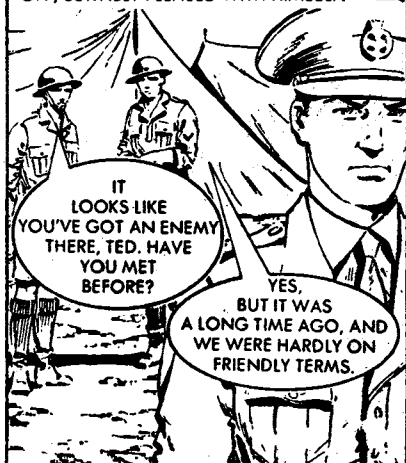
AFTER HOURS OF DRIVING THROUGH THE HOT BARREN DESERT, THEY EVENTUALLY ARRIVED AT SHELDON'S CAMP WHERE HIS MEN WERE OUT IN FORCE TO GREET HIM. WALKING UP TO SHELDON'S JEEP, TED GAPED IN AMAZEMENT AS HE RECOGNISED THE PASSENGER.



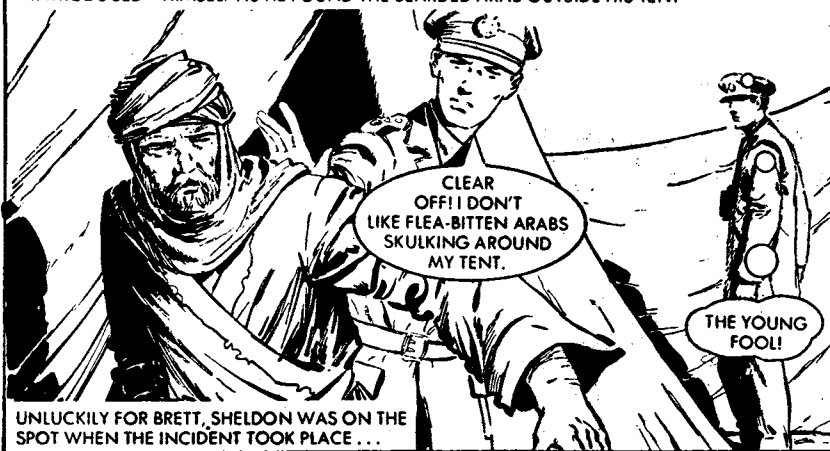
THE REUNION BETWEEN TED AND BRETT CAME LATER THAT AFTERNOON AFTER BRETT HAD BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED. THEIR MEETING WAS HARDLY A FRIENDLY ONE.



ONE OF THE OTHER DRIVERS CAME OVER AND SPOKE TO TED AS BRETT STRUTTED OFF, SUITABLY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.



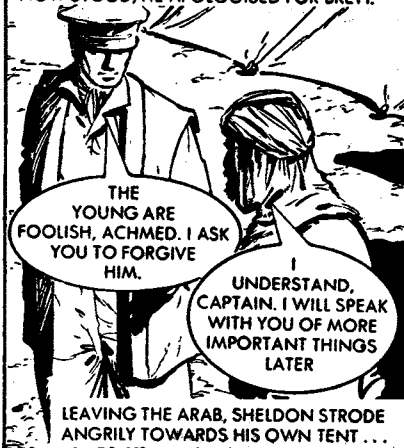
IT DID NOT TAKE BRETT LONG TO MAKE HIMSELF UNPOPULAR WITH THE MEN AND IT TOOK JUST ONE SMALL INCIDENT TO ANNOY SHEDDON—ONE OF THE CAPTAIN'S MOST VALUABLE ASSETS WAS HIS ARAB SCOUT, ACHMED, TO WHOM THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT SOON INTRODUCED " HIMSELF AS HE FOUND THE BEARDED ARAB OUTSIDE HIS TENT



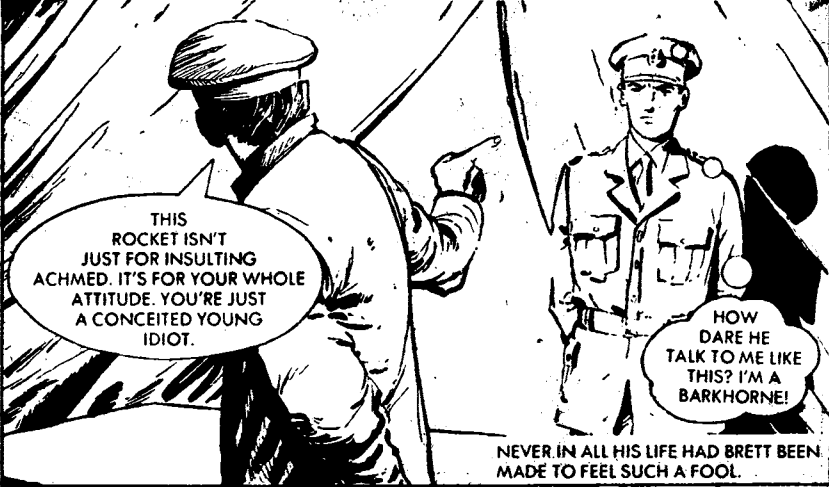
AND WAS NOT SLOW TO ACT. BRETT WAS SHOCKED BY HIS SUPERIOR'S COLD TONE AS SHEDDON FACED HIM WITH A FURIOUS LOOK ON HIS FACE.



ACHMED WAS WORTH A DOZEN YOUNG LIEUTENANTS IN SHEDDON'S EYES, AND WALKING ACROSS TO WHERE THE ARAB NOW STOOD, HE APOLOGISED FOR BRETT.



... WHERE A RATHER SHEEPISH LOOKING BRETT STOOD WAITING FOR HIM. SHELDON SHOUTED AT THE YOUNG MAN IN A VOICE FILLED WITH ANGER.




THIS
ROCKET ISN'T
JUST FOR INSULTING
ACHMED. IT'S FOR YOUR WHOLE
ATTITUDE. YOU'RE JUST
A CONCEITED YOUNG
IDIOT.

HOW
DARE HE
TALK TO ME LIKE
THIS? I'M A
BARKHORNE!

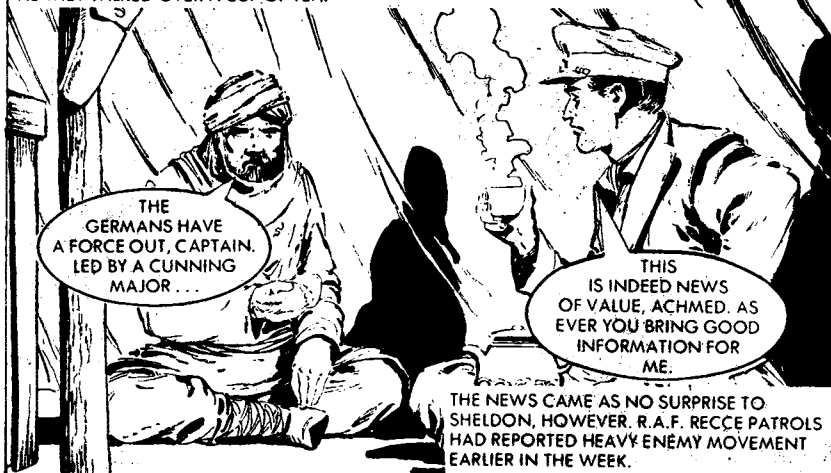
NEVER IN ALL HIS LIFE HAD BRETT BEEN
MADE TO FEEL SUCH A FOOL.

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT WAS INFURIATED BY THE WAY HIS COMMANDING OFFICER
HAD SPOKEN TO HIM AND HE WAS BOILING OVER WITH INDIGNATION AS HE LEFT THE TENT



THAT
MAN IS MAD.
TALKING TO ME AS
IF I WERE A CHILD. I SHALL
WRITE TO FATHER
ABOUT THIS. IT'S
INTOLERABLE.

HAVING DEALT WITH BRETT, SHELDON CAME TO MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS. ACHMED HAD A LOT OF VALUABLE INFORMATION TO TELL HIM AS THEY TALKED OVER A CUP OF TEA.



THE
GERMANS HAVE
A FORCE OUT, CAPTAIN.
LED BY A CUNNING
MAJOR...

THIS
IS INDEED NEWS
OF VALUE, ACHMED. AS
EVER YOU BRING GOOD
INFORMATION FOR
ME.

THE NEWS CAME AS NO SURPRISE TO
SHELDON, HOWEVER. R.A.F. RECCE PATROLS
HAD REPORTED HEAVY ENEMY MOVEMENT
EARLIER IN THE WEEK.

THE FORCE THAT ACHMED SPOKE OF WAS A SMALL GERMAN RAIDING GROUP LED BY MAJOR HANS PROSS, A MAN SKILLED IN THE WAYS OF THE DESERT. HIS MEN HAD ALREADY KNOCKED OUT FOUR BRITISH SUPPLY CONVOYS UNDER HIS EXCELLENT LEADERSHIP, AND HAD JUST DESTROYED THEIR FIFTH. PROSS NOW TALKED TO THE BRITISH SURVIVORS OF THE ATTACK AS THEIR LORRIES BLAZED IN THE BACKGROUND.



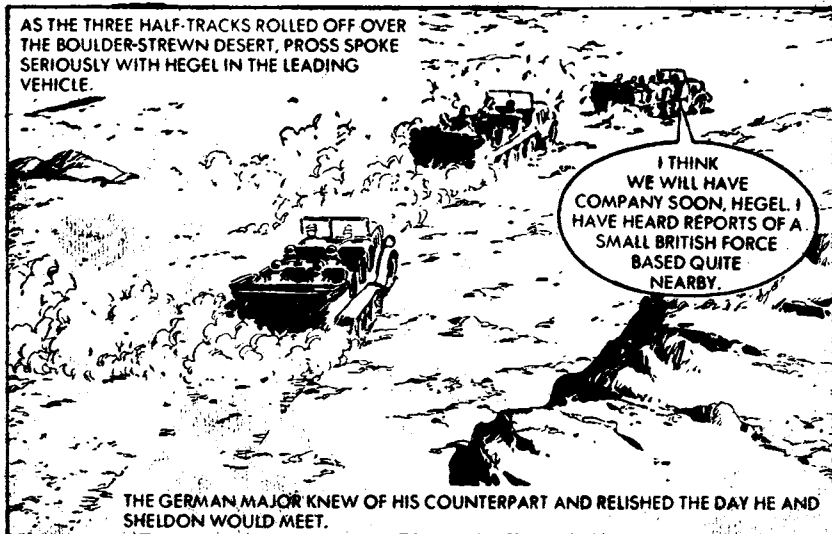
GUT!
ANOTHER
LOAD OF SUPPLIES
THE EIGHTH ARMY WILL
HAVE TO DO
WITHOUT.

HOW
DID THEY
MANAGE IT. I DIDN'T
EVEN SEE THEM UNTIL
THEY HIT US!


CLIMBING BACK INTO THEIR HALF-TRACKS, THE GERMANS BEGAN TO MOVE OUT. BUT PROSS HAD NO GREAT HATE FOR HIS ENEMY AND LEFT THEM ONE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL - A FEW WATER BOTTLES WHICH WOULD ALMOST ENSURE THAT THEY WOULD REACH THEIR OWN LINES.



AS THE THREE HALF-TRACKS ROLLED OFF OVER THE BOULDER-STREWN DESERT, PROSS SPOKE SERIOUSLY WITH HEGEL IN THE LEADING VEHICLE.



THE CLASH CAME SOONER THAN EITHER PROSS OR SHELDON ANTICIPATED WHEN THE TWO FORCES' PATHS CROSSED THE NEXT DAY. THEY NOW FACED EACH OTHER OVER A BOULDER-STREWN AREA.



GOOD
LUCK RUNNING
INTO 'EM. THEY MUST
HAVE BEEN MAKING
FOR AN AMBUSH
SITE.

LUCK,
HE SAYS! WE
COULD ALL BE
KILLED!

IT WAS BRETT'S FIRST TASTE OF
COMBAT AND THE TASTE WAS
SOUR AS THE BULLETS
RICOCHETED OFF THE ROCKS
AROUND HIM. TED AND SHELDON
WERE NOT SLOW TO RETURN THE
FIRE, HOWEVER.

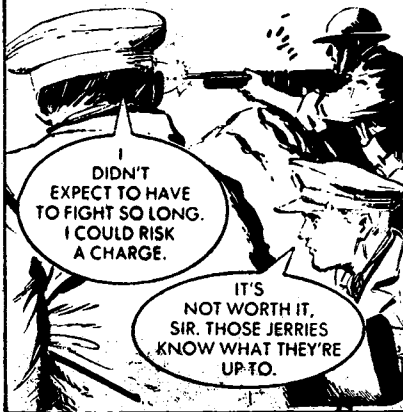
I CAN'T
TAKE MUCH
MORE OF
THIS.

HAVE
A TASTE OF YOUR
OWN MEDICINE,
JERRY!

AS THE FIGHT RAGED ON, THE SITUATION GREW MORE AND MORE DESPERATE FOR BOTH SIDES. GERMAN CASUALTIES WERE ESPECIALLY HIGH AND IT WORRIED MAJOR PROSS.



THE BRITISH WERE NOT FARING ANY BETTER—

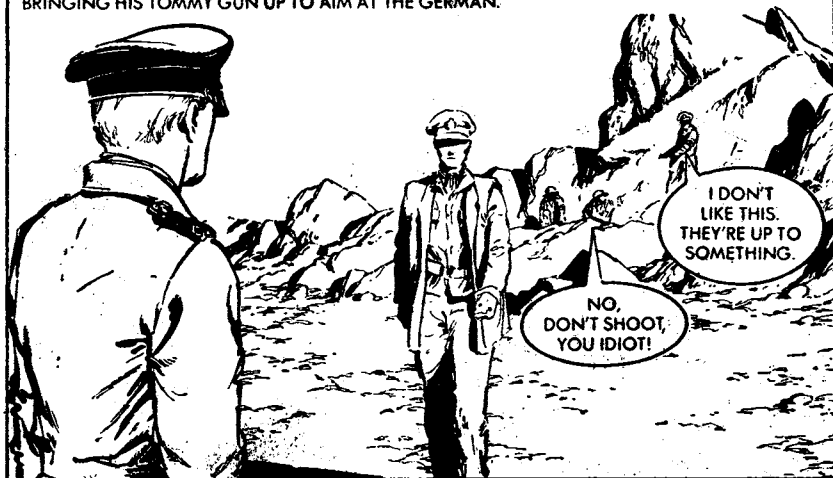


TURNING AROUND TO FACE THE GERMANS ONCE MORE, SHELDON WAS SURPRISED TO SEE PROSS EMERGING FROM THE ROCKS, A WHITE FLAG OF TRUCE HELD IN HIS HAND. BRETT SNEERED—



THE BRITISH CAPTAIN HAD LITTLE CHOICE BUT TO TRUST PROSS—WITH MANY OF HIS MEN WOUNDED, HE NEEDED THE TEMPORARY PEACE ANY TRUCE MIGHT OFFER.

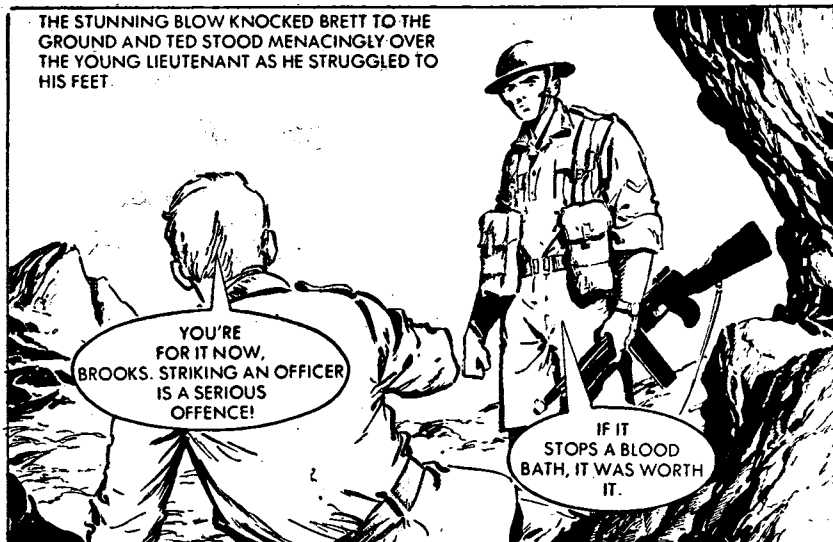
AS BOTH COMMANDING OFFICERS WALKED OUT INTO THE OPEN TO MEET, A DEADLY SILENCE FELL OVER BOTH SIDES. BUT IT WAS AN ENRAGED BRETT WHO STOOD UP, BRINGING HIS TOMMY GUN UP TO AIM AT THE GERMAN.



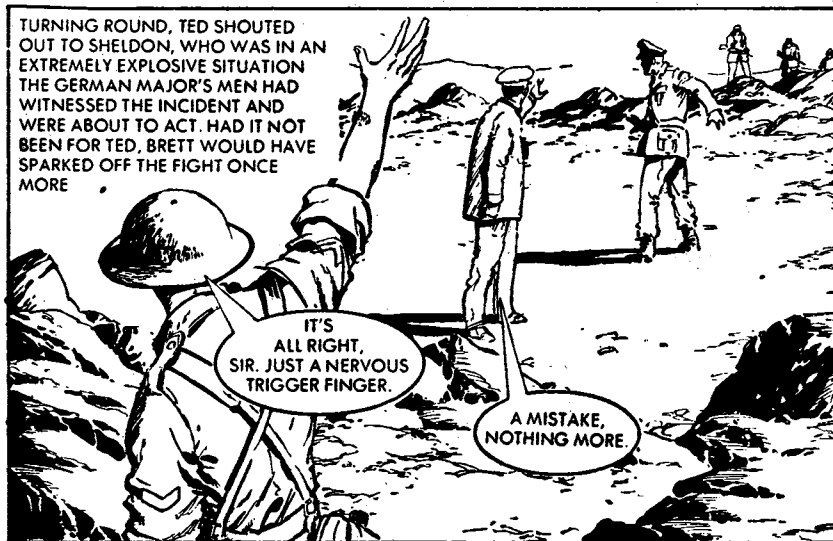
TED LEAPT INTO ACTION JUST IN TIME, KNOCKING THE GUN OUT OF BRETT'S HAND AS HE LOOSED OFF A DEADLY BURST OF FIRE.



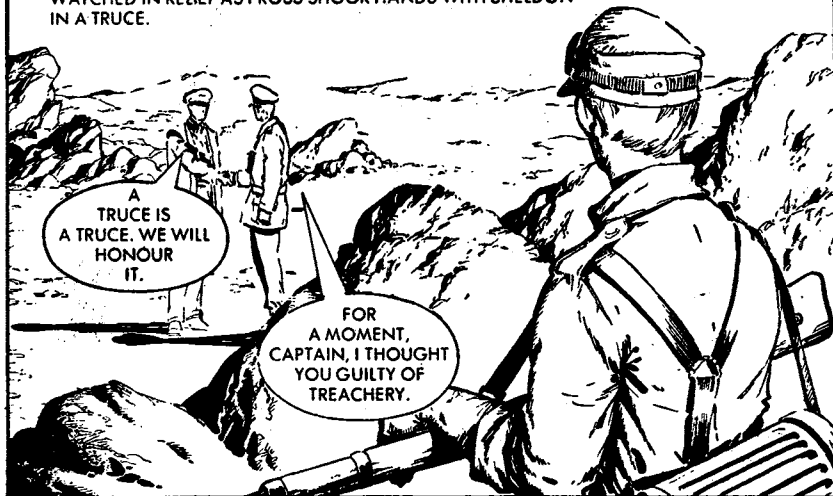
THE STUNNING BLOW KNOCKED BRETT TO THE GROUND AND TED STOOD MENACINGLY OVER THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT AS HE STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET.



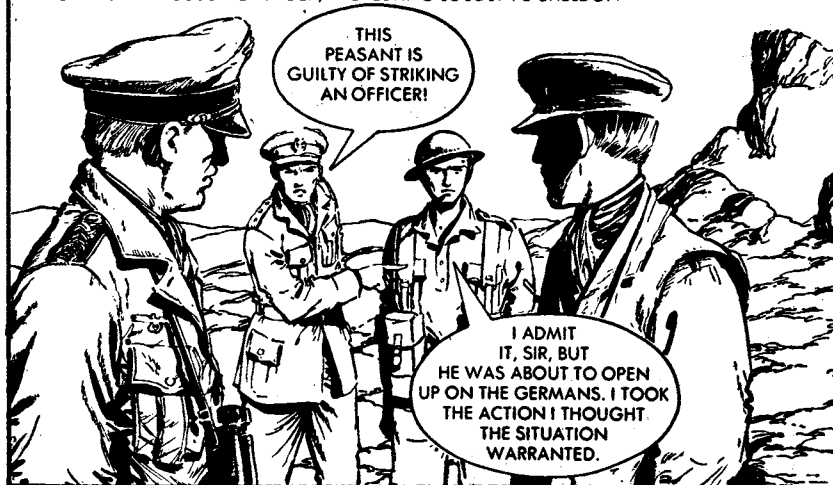
TURNING ROUND, TED SHOUTED OUT TO SHELDON, WHO WAS IN AN EXTREMELY EXPLOSIVE SITUATION THE GERMAN MAJOR'S MEN HAD WITNESSED THE INCIDENT AND WERE ABOUT TO ACT. HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR TED, BRETT WOULD HAVE SPARKED OFF THE FIGHT ONCE MORE



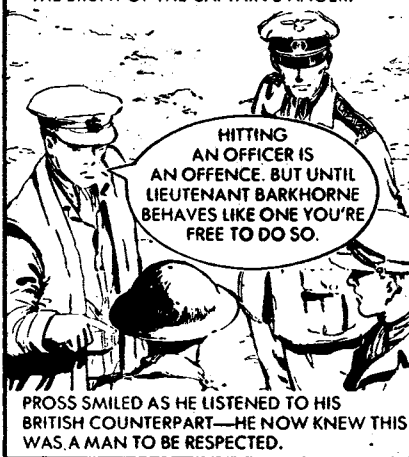
LOWERING THEIR GUNS ONCE MORE, THE GERMANS WATCHED IN RELIEF AS PROSS SHOOK HANDS WITH SHELDON IN A TRUCE.



BRÉTT WAS FAR FROM HAPPY, HOWEVER. PULLING TED OUT TOWARDS THE TWO OFFICERS, HE POINTED AN ACCUSING FINGER, PROTESTING LOUDLY TO SHELDON:



IF BRETT THOUGHT SHELDON WAS GOING TO ACT AGAINST TED, HE WAS TO BE MISTAKEN. IT WAS HE HIMSELF WHO BORE THE BRUNT OF THE CAPTAIN'S ANGER.



THE ARGUMENT WAS ABRUPTLY BROKEN UP AS SHELDON CAUGHT SIGHT OF A CLOUD OF DUST RISING IN THE DISTANCE. IT WAS PROSS WHO SUPPLIED AN EXPLANATION.



PROSS HAD KNOWN THE BRITISH COMMANDER ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME, BUT HIS FACE WAS SAD AS HE WATCHED THE SCOUT CARS SPEED OFF.



BUT AS SHELDON'S FORCE HEADED NORTH THEY WERE CONFRONTED BY YET ANOTHER GERMAN FORCE.

STREWTH!
WE'RE SURROUNDED.
WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT
OUT WITH THIS
LOT.

THE
DESERT
RANG TO THE
HARSH SOUNDS OF
BATTLE AS BOTH SETS
OF CARS CLASHED.

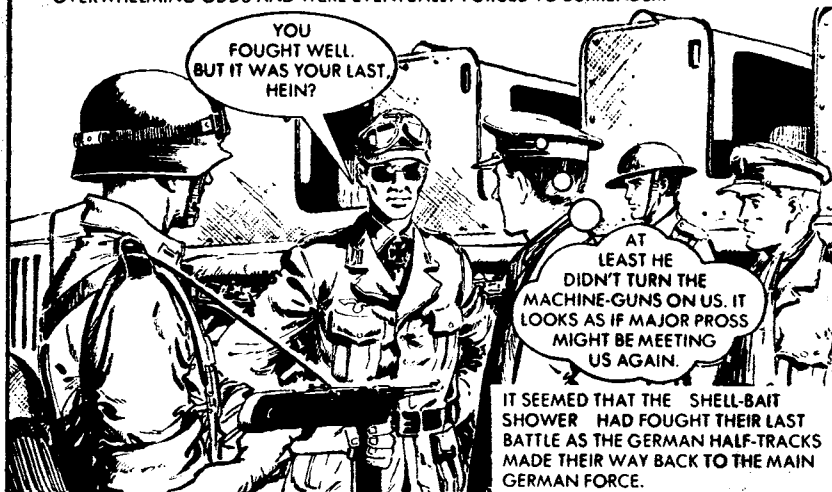
WE'LL
NOT GO DOWN
WITHOUT A FIGHT,
JERRY!

OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED, THE SITUATION DID NOT
LOOK TOO GOOD FOR THE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

FOR BRETT BARKHORNE THE ACTION WAS A NIGHTMARE. SCREAMING IN TERROR, HE RAN FROM HIS BLAZING SCOUT-CAR.



SHELDON AND HIS MEN COULD DO LITTLE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST SUCH OVERWHELMING ODDS AND WERE EVENTUALLY FORCED TO SURRENDER.



ONCE MORE, SHELDON AND HIS MEN WERE PUT UNDER THE CHARGE OF MAJOR PROSS, AS THE SUPPORT FORCE WHO HAD CAPTURED THEM SPED OFF TO THE SOUTH.



WITH THE NEAREST BRITISH POSITIONS MILES ACROSS THE SCORCHING DESERT THERE WAS LITTLE HOPE FOR ESCAPE—SHELDON SAW THIS AND BOTH HE AND HIS MEN GAVE THEIR WORD THEY WOULD MAKE NO ATTEMPT.



THAT NIGHT, AS THE OTHERS LAY SLEEPING, BRETT BARKHORNE CONSIDERED EVERY POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE OPEN TO HIM.



AS BOTH BRITISH AND GERMANS SLEPT PEACEFULLY, THE HOSTILE EYES OF AN ARAB GLEAMED AT THE SIGHT OF THE CAMP.



THE ARAB LEADER, YUSSEF, WAS INDEED PLEASED TO HEAR OF THE CAMP TO THE SOUTH. IT PROMISED EASY PICKING FOR HIS BAND OF CUT-THROATS.



MEANWHILE BRETT COULD WAIT NO LONGER AND MADE HIS MOVE, CASUALLY STROLLING OVER TO THE ONLY GERMAN GUARD.



THE GERMAN WAS FOOLED BY THE LIEUTENANT'S FRIENDLY TONE OF VOICE. HE WAS TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE WHEN BRETT KICKED SAND UP INTO HIS FACE.

DUMB
FOOL!
NOW FOR THE
GUN

ACH!

GRABBING THE GERMAN'S
SCHEISSER, BRETT LOOSED OFF
A HAIL OF DEADLY FIRE
TOWARDS HEGEL WHO HAD
GOT UP TO INVESTIGATE.

TAKE THAT,
JERRY!

HEGEL!
THE DEVIL HAS SHOT
HIM!

PROSS STARED WITH A HORRIFIED LOOK ON HIS FACE AS HIS SECOND
IN COMMAND SLUMPED TO THE GROUND.

BRETT YELLED AN ANGRY WARNING TO THE APPROACHING GERMANS AS THEY ROSE TO THEIR FEET. HE WOULD NOT HESITATE IN SHOOTING THEIR LEADER IF THEY FIRED.



BARKHORNE!
WHAT THE DEVIL
ARE YOU DOING,
MAN?

GETTING
THESE NAZIS OUT
OF OUR HAIR. COME
ON, DROP THOSE
GUNS!

BUT BRETT'S PLAN WAS NOT WORKING OUT. INSTEAD OF PICKING UP THE GERMAN GUNS, SHELDON STRODE CONFIDENTLY TOWARDS THE ENRAGED YOUNG LIEUTENANT.



I'LL
TAKE THAT,
BARKHORNE.

FOOLS!
WE HAVE THEM
COLD. THEY'RE ONLY NAZIS
WHO DESERVE TO
DIE!

SHELDON ADVANCED WITH GRIM DETERMINATION ON THE ALMOST HYSTERICAL YOUNG MAN.

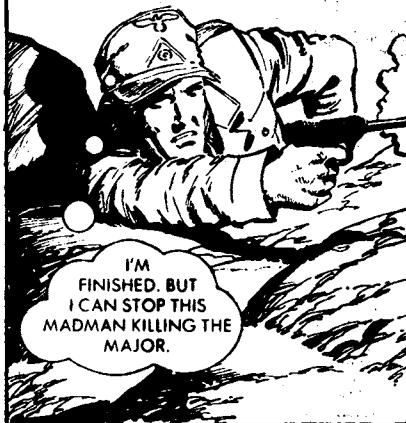


BRETT'S FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER.



IT LOOKED AS IF HIS ESCAPE WAS GUARANTEED...

... BUT HE HAD OVERLOOKED ONE THING—HEGEL HAD NOT BEEN KILLED OUTRIGHT IN BRETT'S FIRST BURST OF FIRE, AND WITH HIS FINAL DYING EFFORT, HE FIRED A SINGLE SHOT AT THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN.

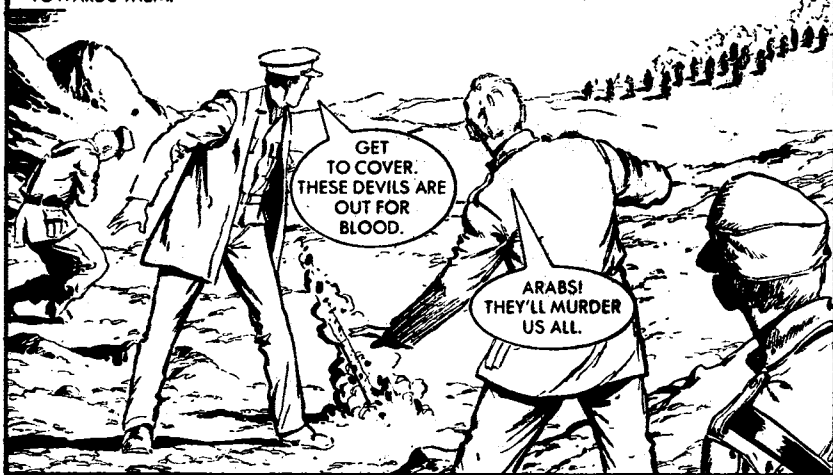




THERE WAS NOT ONE MAN PRESENT WHO HAD ANY SYMPATHY WITH BRETT BARKHORNE —
BRITISH OR GERMAN.



THE CRACK OF RIFLES AND SAVAGE YELLS SPLIT THE SILENCE AND SHELDON TURNED ROUND IN SURPRISE TO SEE YUSSEF'S BAND OF ARABS RIDING ACROSS THE SAND TOWARDS THEM.



BUT IF THE ARABS EXPECTED PANIC, THEY WERE TO BE MISTAKEN, AND MANY OF THEM FELL DEAD FROM THEIR HORSES AS THE BULLETS FIRED BY BOTH BRITISH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS FOUND THEIR TARGET.

GOOD SHOOTING,
TOMMY.

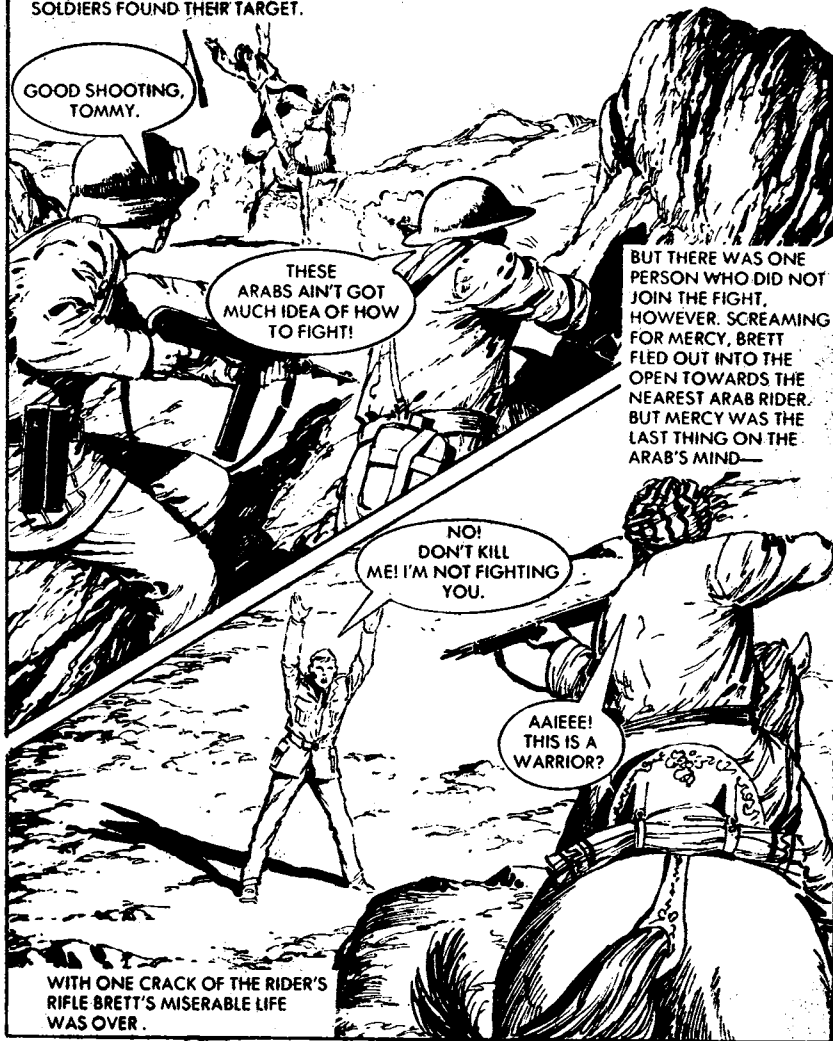
THESE
ARABS AIN'T GOT
MUCH IDEA OF HOW
TO FIGHT!

BUT THERE WAS ONE
PERSON WHO DID NOT
JOIN THE FIGHT,
HOWEVER. SCREAMING
FOR MERCY, BRETT
FLED OUT INTO THE
OPEN TOWARDS THE
NEAREST ARAB RIDER.
BUT MERCY WAS THE
LAST THING ON THE
ARAB'S MIND—

NO!
DON'T KILL
ME! I'M NOT FIGHTING
YOU.

AAIEEE!
THIS IS A
WARRIOR?

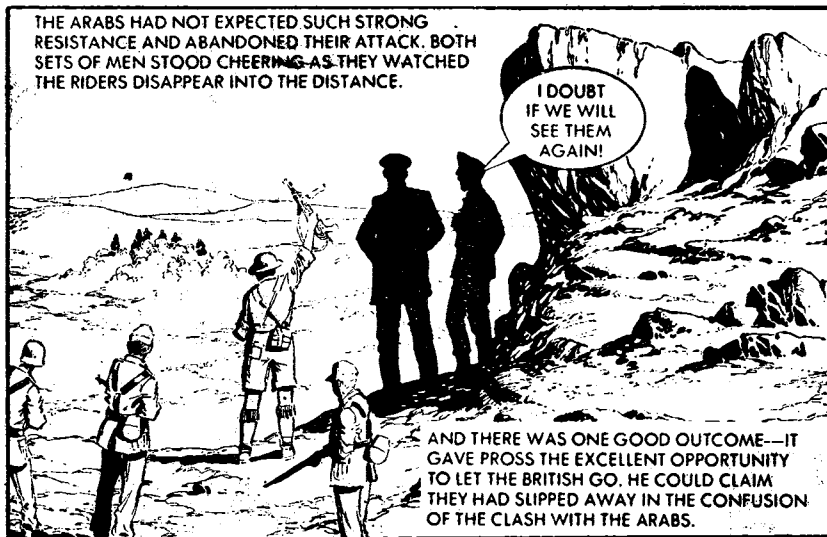
WITH ONE CRACK OF THE RIDER'S
RIFLE BRETT'S MISERABLE LIFE
WAS OVER.



BUT THE ARAB FELL DEAD FROM HIS HORSE AS BRETT'S BODY LAY ON THE GROUND. TED HAD FIRED A QUICK BURST FROM HIS SCHMEISSER, JUST TOO LATE TO SAVE THE LEUTENANT.



THE ARABS HAD NOT EXPECTED SUCH STRONG RESISTANCE AND ABANDONED THEIR ATTACK. BOTH SETS OF MEN STOOD CHEERING AS THEY WATCHED THE RIDERS DISAPPEAR INTO THE DISTANCE.



AND THERE WAS ONE GOOD OUTCOME—IT GAVE PROSS THE EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY TO LET THE BRITISH GO. HE COULD CLAIM THEY HAD SLIPPED AWAY IN THE CONFUSION OF THE CLASH WITH THE ARABS.

IT WAS SOON AFTER THAT THE TWO FORCES PARTED COMPANY. WAVING A LAST FAREWELL TO MAJOR PROSS, SHELDON AND TED STOOD BESIDE THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF BRETT BARKHORNE. ONLY THESE MEN KNEW HOW HE HAD DIED AND WOULD SAY NOTHING OF IT. JUST LIKE HIS ANCESTORS BEFORE HIM, HE HAD DIED, A HERO WITHOUT HONOUR.



Commando
THE END

Answers to Quiz No. 3

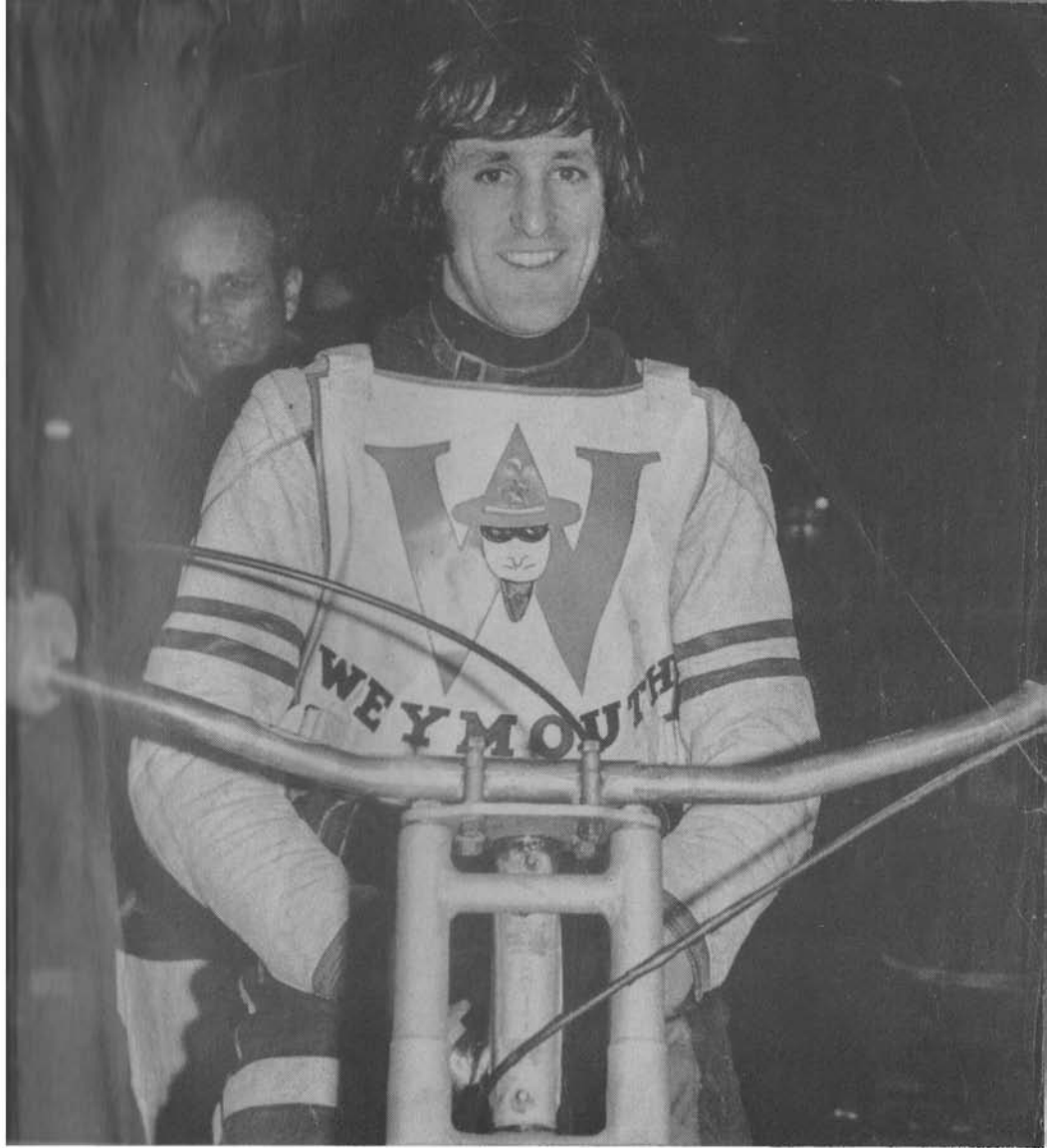
13 — First World War A7V Sturmpanzerwagen (assault armoured vehicle). 14 — Medium tank M3 Lee: called "Grant" by the British in North Africa. 15 — Daimler armoured scout car. 16 — Goliath, miniature remote-controlled exploding tank. 17 — PzKpfw IV Ausf.F (ausführung=model). 18 — Churchill Crocodile flame-throwing tank.

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Stars of Speedway—Roger Stratton

FAMILY of COWARDS

A COWARD was the last thing you would expect to find amongst the Barkhornes, a family whose conduct in the battles and campaigns of the past had earned them the reputation of having courage second to none.

It was not until young Rupert Barkhorne faced action in the savage clashes of the Second World War that the truth began to show through. Like all his ancestors before him, he had as much courage as a sackful of wet sand!

 **Commando**

